



THE TRANSFORMERS™

SIMON FURMAN • DON FIGUEROA

ISSUE #1
\$2.99 • A



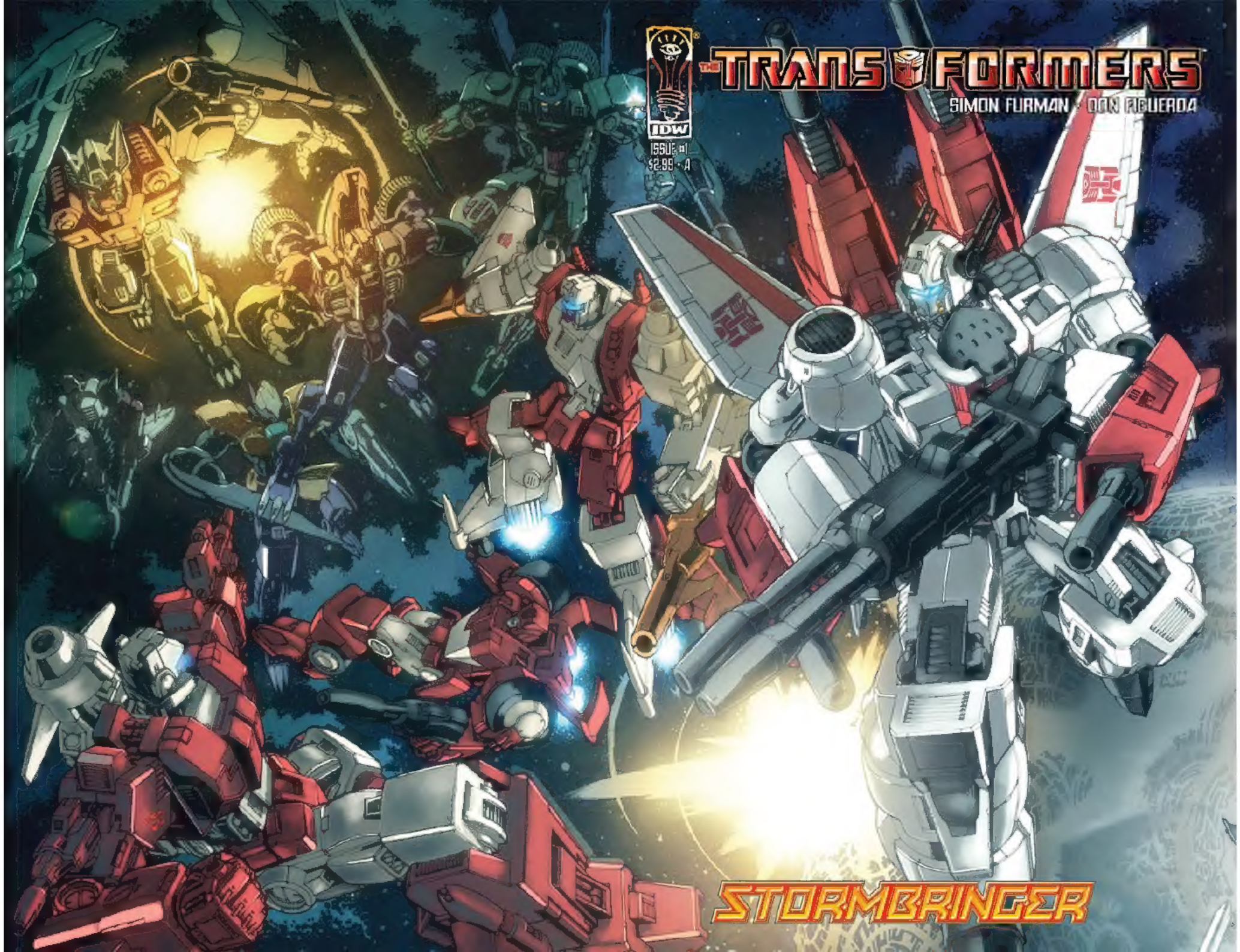
STORMBRINGER



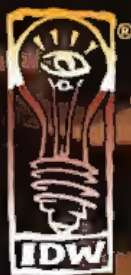
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RI A

THE TRANSFORMERS

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STORMBRINGER

The Transformers: Stormbringer #1

For countless years, civil war has gripped CYBERTRON—an escalating series of conflicts between the heroic AUTOBOTS and the evil DECEPTICONS that have shaken the planet to its core. So focused on each frontier or beachhead, neither faction spared a thought for the planet itself, and the untold damage they were doing to it and their future. Until now...



Story by Simon Furman
Art by Don Figueroa
colors by Josh Burcham
letters by Robbie Robbins
edits by Chris Ryall & Dan Taylor
cover b colors by Rob Ruffolo



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EVEN NOW, THE MEMORY
IS **SEARED** ONTO MY
SUBCONSCIOUS...

IT **EMERGES**, SWATHED IN
FLAME AND DRIPPING WHITE
PHOSPHORUS, IN THOSE RARE,
REFLECTIVE MOMENTS, WHEN MY
MENTAL DEFENSES ARE DOWN...

TIME AND AGAIN I AM DRAGGED
BACK TO THE VERY HEART OF
THE RAGING, HOWLING **STORM**
THAT WE BROUGHT DOWN ON
OURSELVES, AND THOUGH THE
FRONT HAS LONG PASSED...


...ITS CALAMITOUS
ECHOES LINGER STILL.



AUTOBOT SCIENCE/SURVEY
VESSEL, CALABI-YAU:

IN ORBIT AROUND
CYBERTRON...

YOU'VE GOT
WHAT?



AN ENERGY
TRACE, *JETFIRE*,
FIFTY-TWO KILS
BENEATH THE
PLANET SURFACE.

I DON'T MEAN
TO QUESTION YOUR
USUALLY DILIGENT
ATTENTION TO DETAIL,
NOSECONE, BUT
ARE YOU SURE?

THERE'S
BEEN NO ENERGY
READING OF *ANY*
SORT ON CYBERTRON
FOR THE PAST SEVEN
HUNDRED OR SO
STELLAR-CYCLES.

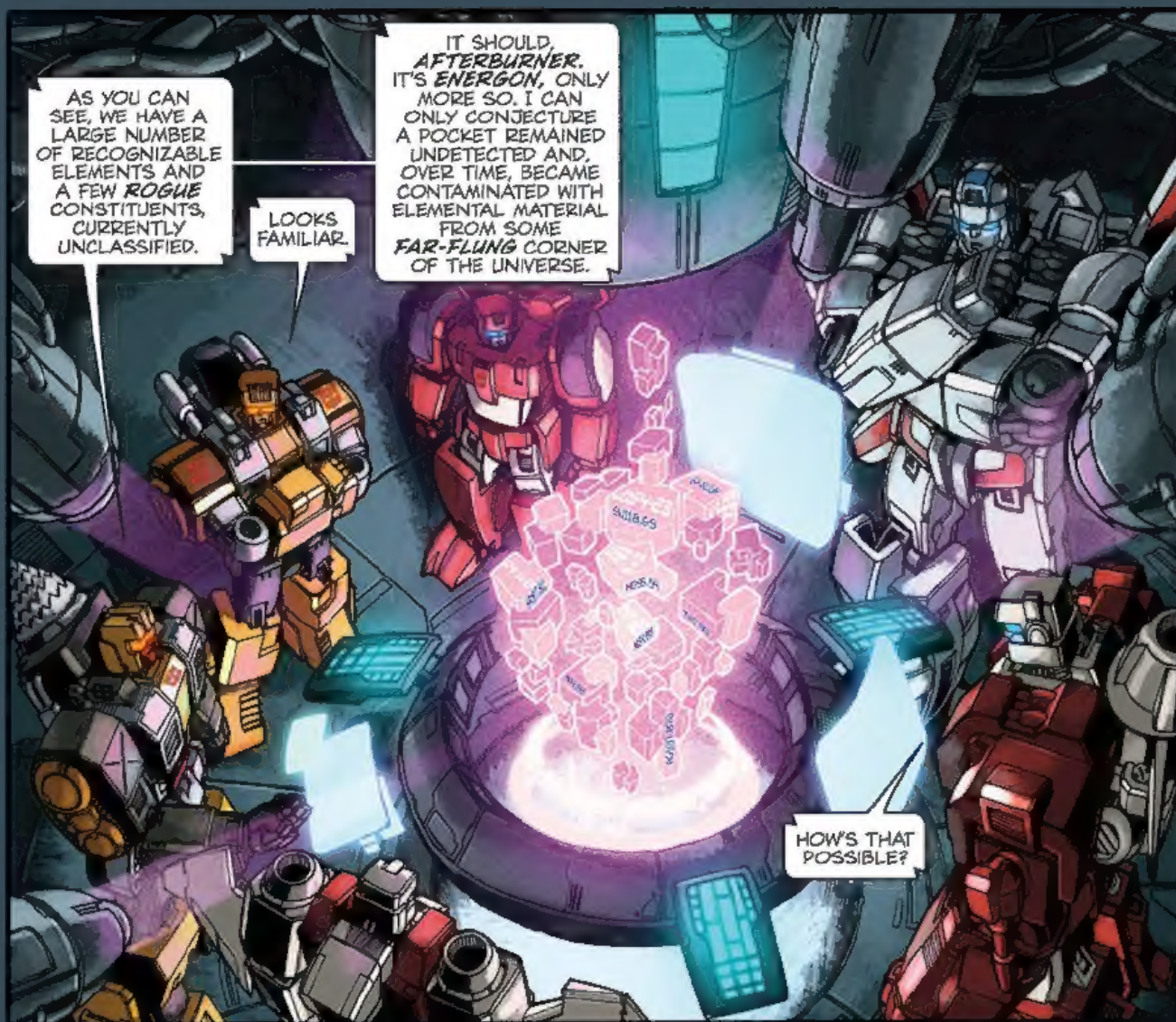
I KNOW.
THAT'S WHY, BEFORE I
OFFERED MY FINDINGS,
I TRIPLE-CHECKED
EVERYTHING *AND* RAN
A LEVEL-SIX DIAGNOSTIC
ON THE SENSOR
CLUSTER ITSELF.

AND I
STILL HAVE AN
ENERGY TRACE.



MM.

TRANSFER THE
DATASTREAM TO THE
DIAGNOSTIC AUDITORIUM
AND GATHER THE OTHERS.
THIS BEARS *CLOSER*
INVESTIGATION...



AS YOU CAN SEE, WE HAVE A LARGE NUMBER OF RECOGNIZABLE ELEMENTS AND A FEW ROGUE CONSTITUENTS, CURRENTLY UNCLASSIFIED.

LOOKS FAMILIAR.

IT SHOULD, AFTERBURNER. IT'S **ENERGON**, ONLY MORE SO. I CAN ONLY CONJECTURE A POCKET REMAINED UNDETECTED AND, OVER TIME, BECAME CONTAMINATED WITH ELEMENTAL MATERIAL FROM SOME **FAR-FLUNG** CORNER OF THE UNIVERSE.

HOW'S THAT POSSIBLE?



WITH THE DEGRADATION OF CYBERTRON'S ATMOSPHERE, THE INCIDENCE OF DIRECT IMPACTS FROM COMETS AND OTHER SPACE DEBRIS HAS INTENSIFIED.

IT'S POSSIBLE THIS **HYBRID** IS THE REACTION.



AND IF SO, IT SUPPORTS MY THEORY THAT CYBERTRON IS GRADUALLY-ALBEIT ON A COSMIC TIMESCALE-**HEALING** ITSELF, UNDOING WHAT WAS DONE.

S-SO... WHAT DO WE DO ABOUT IT?

I THINK, **STRAFE**...

...WE SHOULD GO TAKE A LOOK!



"IT'S P-PROBABLY
NOT WORTH
MENTIONING, BUT..."

"...WE'RE NOW IN CONTRAVENTION
OF PRETTY MUCH *EVERY* C-COMMAND
DIRECTIVE CONCERNING CYBERTRON."

PROBABLY NOT.
BUT *NOTED*. IF YOU'D
RATHER STAY ON THE
CALABI-YAU, STRAFE...

OH, N-NO. THE CHANCE
TO ACTUALLY SET FOOT ON
CYBERTRON AGAIN, IT'S, AH,
LIKE C-COMING HOME.

HN. COSMIC
RADIATION LEVELS ARE
OFF THE SCALE, AND WE
HAVE A CHARGED-PARTICLE
STORM CLOSING FROM
THE WEST.

WE'LL NEED TO ROTATE
PERSONAL SHIELD
HARMONICS JUST TO
MAINTAIN THE MOST *BASIC*
EPIDERMAL INTEGRITY.

"HARDLY WHAT I'D CALL
A PLEASANT STROLL
DOWN MEMORY LANE."



ARE WE
THERE
YET?

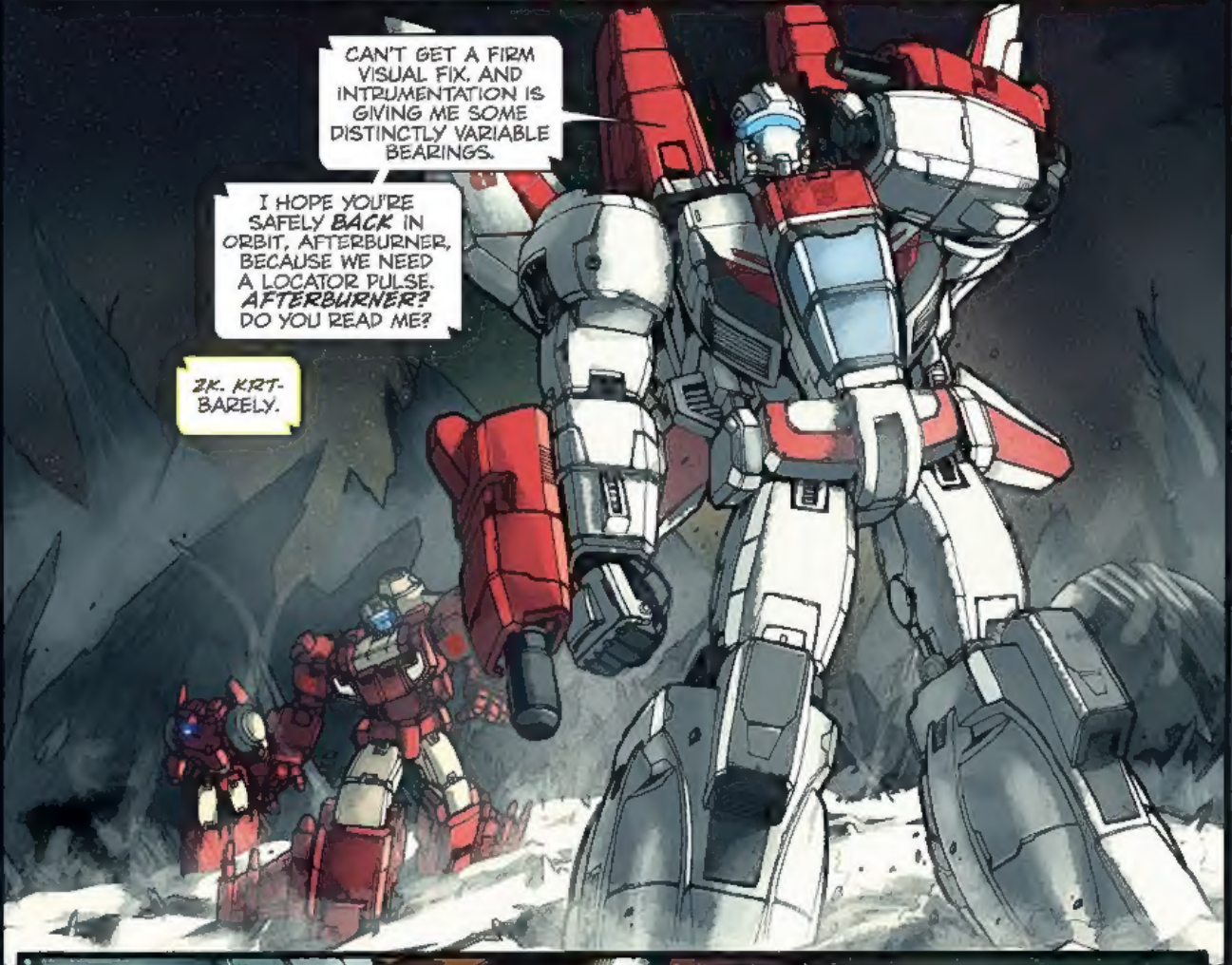
TOUGH GOING,
EH? EVEN FOR ME.
GRAVITY MUST BE
WHAT, THREE-GEES
BELOW NORMAL?

SOMETHING LIKE
THAT, *LIGHTSPEED*.
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE ON
MAGNO-TREAD *EVERY*
STEP OF THE WAY.

CAN'T GET A FIRM
VISUAL FIX, AND
INTRUMENTATION IS
GIVING ME SOME
DISTINCTLY VARIABLE
BEARINGS.

I HOPE YOU'RE
SAFELY *BACK* IN
ORBIT, AFTERBURNER,
BECAUSE WE NEED
A LOCATOR PULSE.
AFTERBURNER?
DO YOU READ ME?

ZK. KRT-
BARELY.

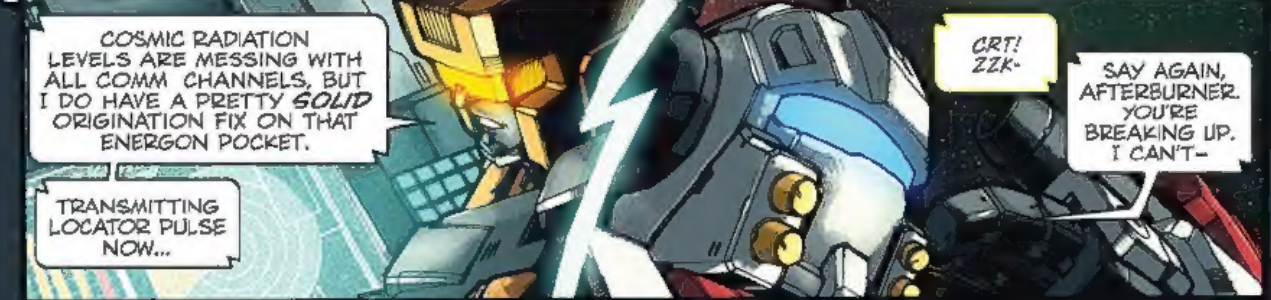


COSMIC RADIATION
LEVELS ARE MESSING WITH
ALL COMM CHANNELS, BUT
I DO HAVE A PRETTY *SOLID*
ORIGINATION FIX ON THAT
ENERGON POCKET.

TRANSMITTING
LOCATOR PULSE
NOW...

CRT!
ZZK-

SAY AGAIN,
AFTERBURNER.
YOU'RE
BREAKING UP.
I CAN'T-



HEY, *HEY!* IS
IT JUST ME, OR
DOES ANYONE
ELSE RECOGNIZE
THIS PLACE?

I-OH...
OH, *NO*.
WE'RE BACK.

BACK?
WHERE?

WHERE IT ALL,
SPECTACULARLY,
FELL APART.



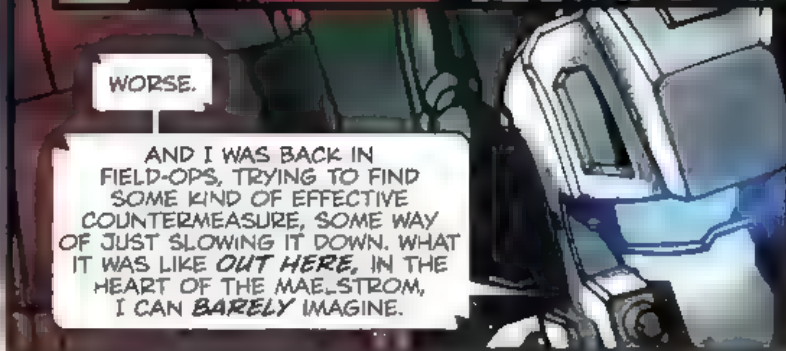


THUNDERHEAD
PASS!



I... WASN'T
HERE. WAS IT...

...AS B-BAD
AS THEY SAY?



WORSE.

AND I WAS BACK IN
FIELD-OPS, TRYING TO FIND
SOME KIND OF EFFECTIVE
COUNTERMEASURE, SOME WAY
OF JUST SLOWING IT DOWN. WHAT
IT WAS LIKE *OUT HERE*, IN THE
HEART OF THE MAELSTROM,
I CAN *BARELY* IMAGINE.



THEY NEVER
DID RECOVER A
BODY, DID THEY?

"NO."

"PRIME.
PRIME."

"DON'T DIE
ON ME."

NOT YET.

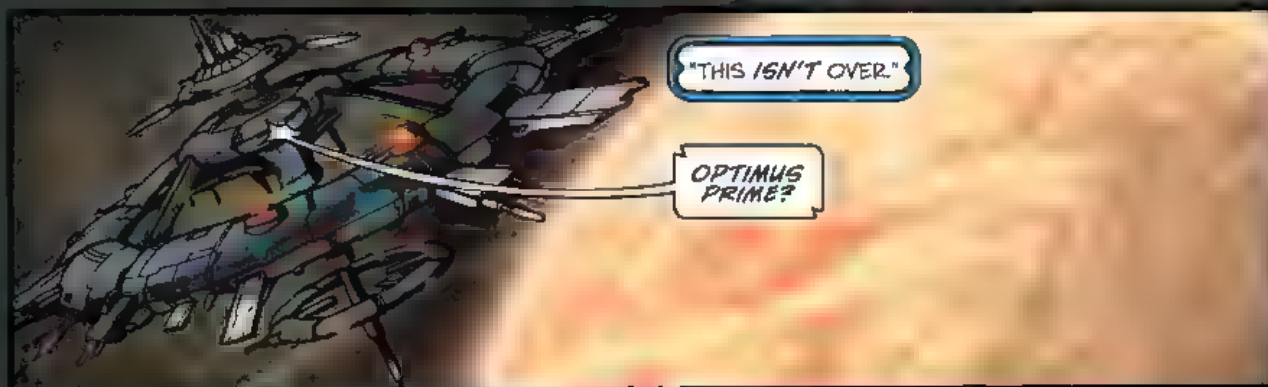
YOU *DON'T*
GET OFF THAT
EASY.

WH-? UH...

MUH-
MEGATRON?

THE ADVERSARY
HAS BREACHED THE
SEGE WALL. IT'S
NOW OR NEVER.

GET UP,
PRIME AND
FIGHT.



"THIS ISN'T OVER."

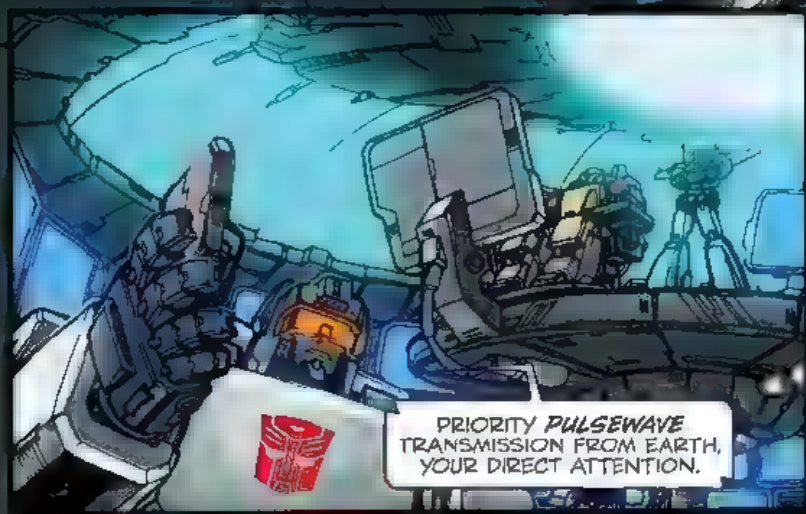
OPTIMUS
PRIME?



SIR?

MM? OH,
SEARCHLIGHT.
EXCUSE ME.

WHAT
IS IT?



PRIORITY *PULSEWAVE*
TRANSMISSION FROM EARTH,
YOUR DIRECT ATTENTION.



EARTH?

SMALL BODY
IN THE SOL
SYSTEM.

RIGHT. YES.
PROWL'S
DETACHMENT



DECEPTICON
INFILTRATION
UNIT IN *SIEGE*
MODE, AHEAD
OF SCHEDULE.
THREAT LEVEL—
UNDETERMINED.

CURIOUS.



MONITOR
AND KEEP ME
UPDATED.

SIR!

I'LL...
BE IN THE
PINNACLE

THE VERTIGINOUS
DESCENTS INTO MY
OWN, PERSONAL
PURGATORY...



...PERSIST.

EVEN THE BUSINESS
OF RUNNING A BITTER
WAR OF ATTRITION DOES
NOTHING TO STAVE OFF
THE DARK, FOREBODING
FRACTURING OF MY
PSYCHE.



I SEE THE END.

BUT THE SHUDDERING,
LURCHING INSTANT BRINGS
SCANT COMFORT. FOR I
KNOW, DEEP DOWN...

...IT NEVER ENDS.

OKAY, I THINK
WE'RE SET. STRAFE?

READY

ER,
JETFIRE...

FAR BE IT FROM
ME TO *RESIST* MY
SCIENTIFIC CURIOSITY,
BUT SHOULD WE BE
DOING THIS?

I MEAN, IF THIS IS
THE SPOT WHERE IT
ALL WENT *DOWN*—
LITERALLY—PERHAPS
WE SHOULD LEAVE
WELL ENOUGH ALONE.

BELIEVE ME,
SCATTERSHOT,
I HAVE MY *OWN*
MISGIVINGS, BUT
IF WE DON'T
INVESTIGATE, IF
WE PRETEND
WHATEVER IT IS
JUST ISN'T
HERE...

...WE MAY
PRECIPITATE
A *FRESH*
CATAclysm!

ALL THIS... IT'S
BECAUSE WE *DIDN'T*
ASK THE QUESTIONS,
DIDN'T LOOK BEYOND
OUR OWN NARROW
LITTLE CONCERNS.

WE WERE SO FIXATED
ON WHATEVER FRONTIER
WE WERE DEFENDING OR
ADVANCING WE NEVER LOOKED
UP TO SEE WHAT WE WERE
DOING TO THE *PLANET*.

TYPICAL. ALL
THE BRILLIANT,
INNOVATIVE
MINDS WE HAD
ON TAP...

"...AND A DECEPTICON WAS THE FIRST TO REALIZE WHAT SHORT-SIGHTED, BLINKERED GEAR-GRINDERS WE ALL WERE."

I CAME TO YOU, BECAUSE—REGARDLESS OF ALLEGIANCE—YOU ARE SCIENTISTS, AND AS SUCH MUST APPRECIATE THE GRAVITY OF MY FINDINGS.

THE INCREASED LEVELS OF COSMIC RADIATION, THE INTENSITY AND FREQUENCY OF SEISMIC SHIFTS, THE MEASURABLE CONTRACTION OF THE CORE, THEY ALL LEAD TO THE SAME, IRREVOCABLE CONCLUSION...

...CYBERTRON IS DYING.

THE WAR, AS WELL AS THE LEACHING OF ALL AVAILABLE RESOURCES, HAS SHATTERED THE PLANET'S PROTECTIVE ATMOSPHERE, RAVAGED ITS ABILITY TO RESTORE AND REPLENISH ITSELF

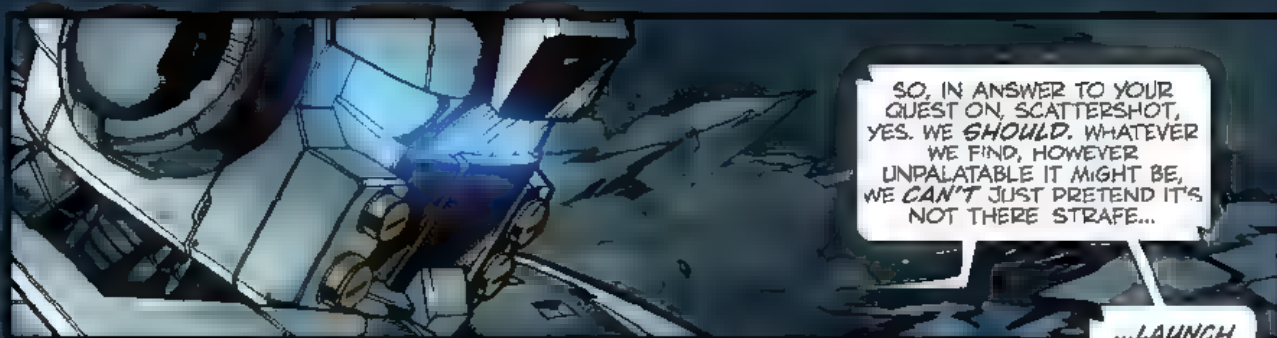
AND NOW?

NOTHING. IT'S TOO LATE. WE CAN ONLY FIND WAYS TO WEATHER THE COLLAPSE AND DO WHAT WE CAN TO SURVIVE.

NO, I REFUSE TO ACCEPT THIS.

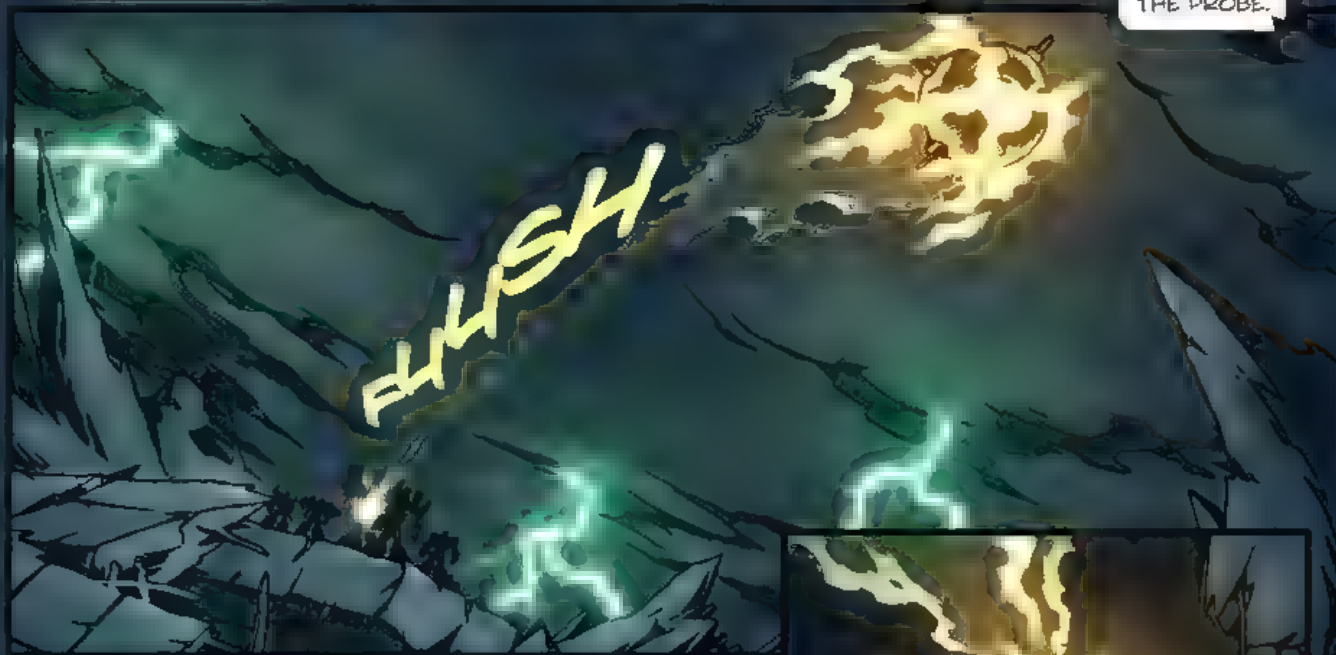
THEN YOU ARE A FOOL, SOUNDWAVE. WHEN THE STORM COMES, AND IT WILL, I'LL BE READY. YOU CAN EITHER FOLLOW MY LEAD...

...OR DIE IN SCREAMING TORMENT.



SO, IN ANSWER TO YOUR
QUEST ON, SCATTERSHOT,
YES, WE **SHOULD**. WHATEVER
WE FIND, HOWEVER
UNPALATABLE IT MIGHT BE,
WE **CAN'T** JUST PRETEND IT'S
NOT THERE STRAFE...

...LAUNCH
THE PROBE.



JETFIRE-THAT
PART OF THE STORM WE
TRACKED IS CLOSING
IN, **FAST**. WE NEED TO
BE **GONE** BEFORE IT
REACHES US.

OUR PERSONAL
SHIELDING CAN ONLY
HANDLE SO MUCH.

AGREED. STRAFE,
LIGHTSPEED-PACK UP
ANY NON-ESSENTIAL
EQUIPMENT AND GET
READY TO **MOVE OUT**.

WE'LL ANALYZE THE
TELEMETRY FROM
THE PROBE ONCE
WE'RE BACK ABOARD
THE CALABI-YAU.



WELL, CYBERTRON,
IT'S BEEN A *BLAST*,
BUT I FOR ONE AM
READY TO SAY...

...GOOD—

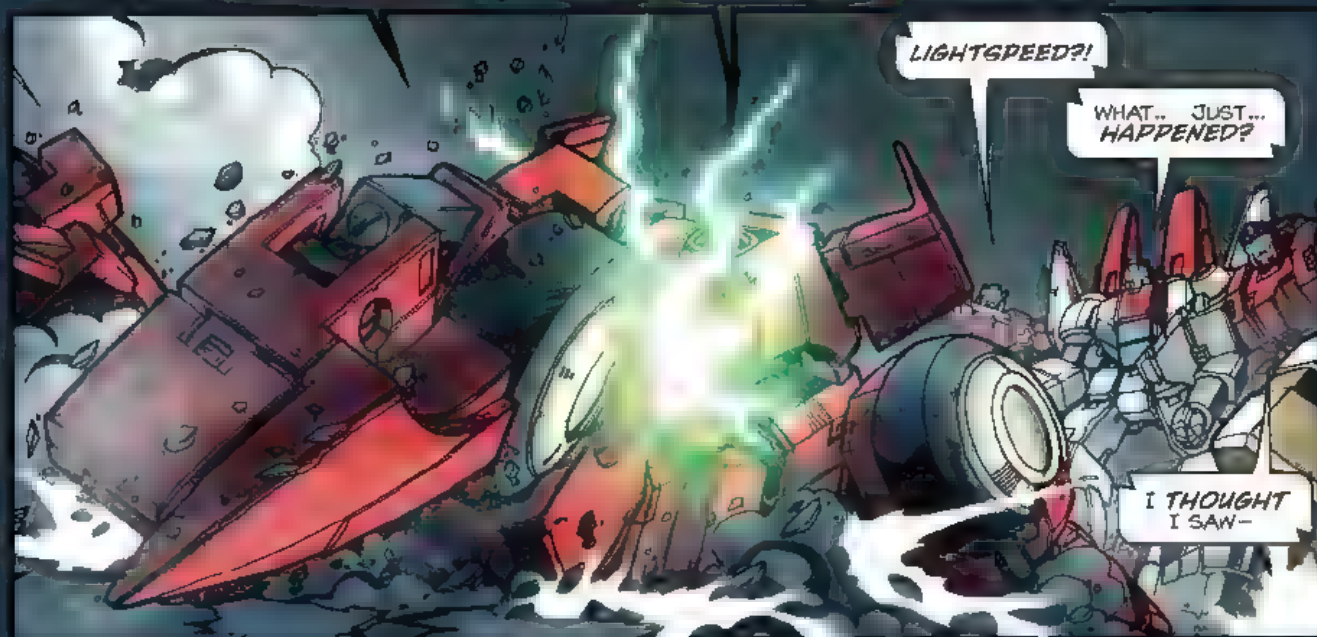


DID...
ANYONE—

NO. NO...
IT'S JUST MY
IMAGINATION,
GOT TO BE.
THERE'S NO
ONE—



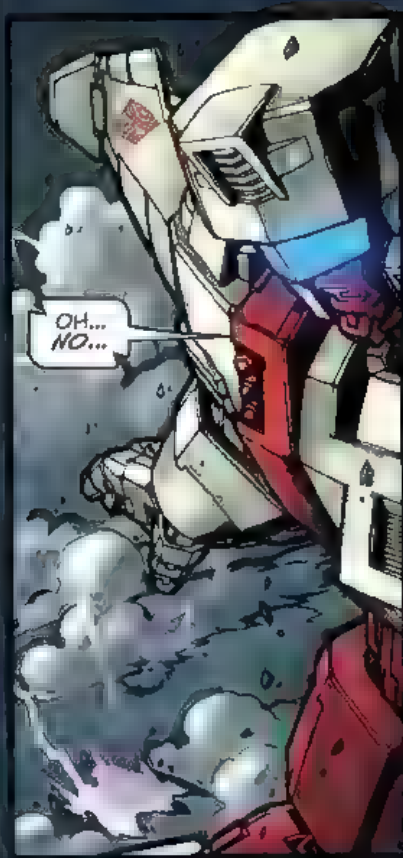
GHEEAH!



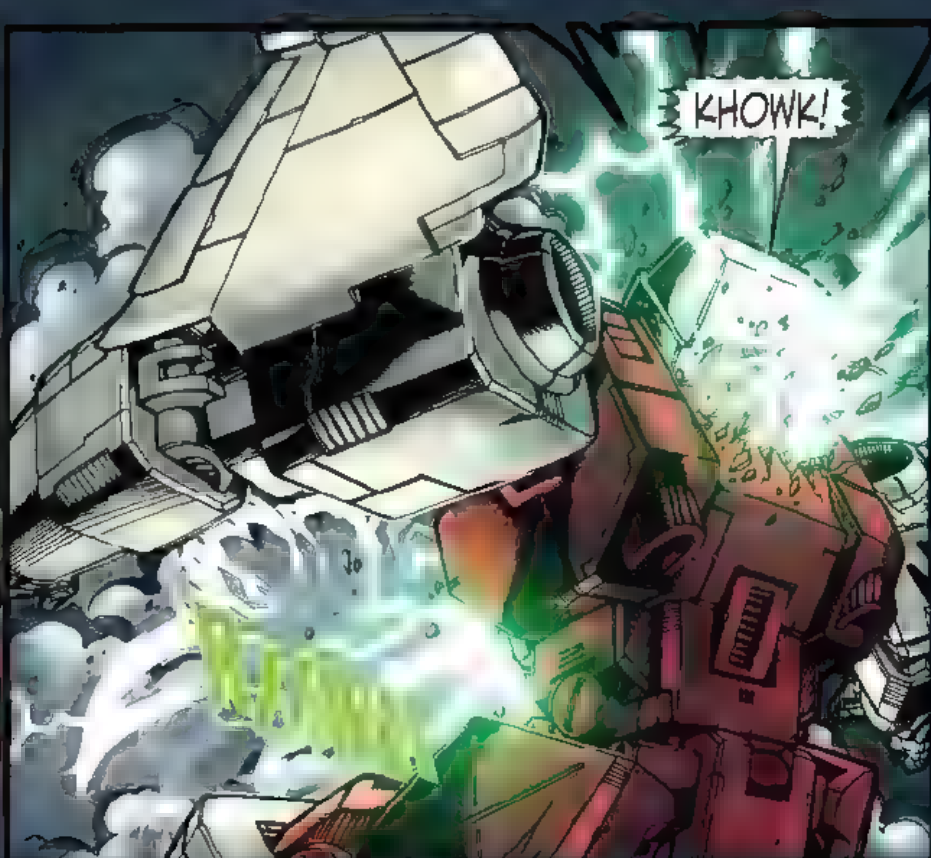
LIGHTSPEED?!

WHAT... JUST...
HAPPENED?

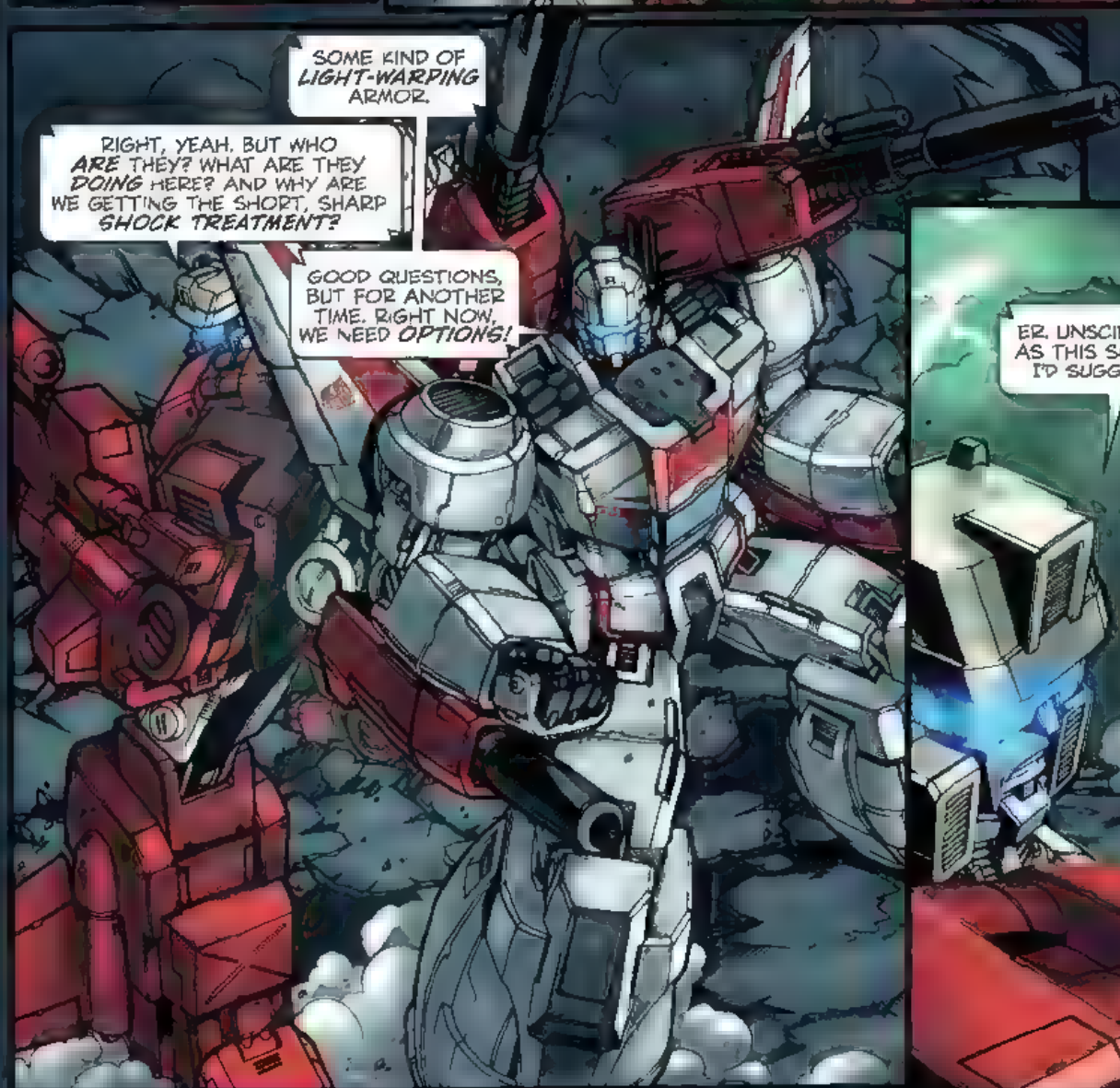
I THOUGHT
I SAW—



OH...
NO...



KHOWK!



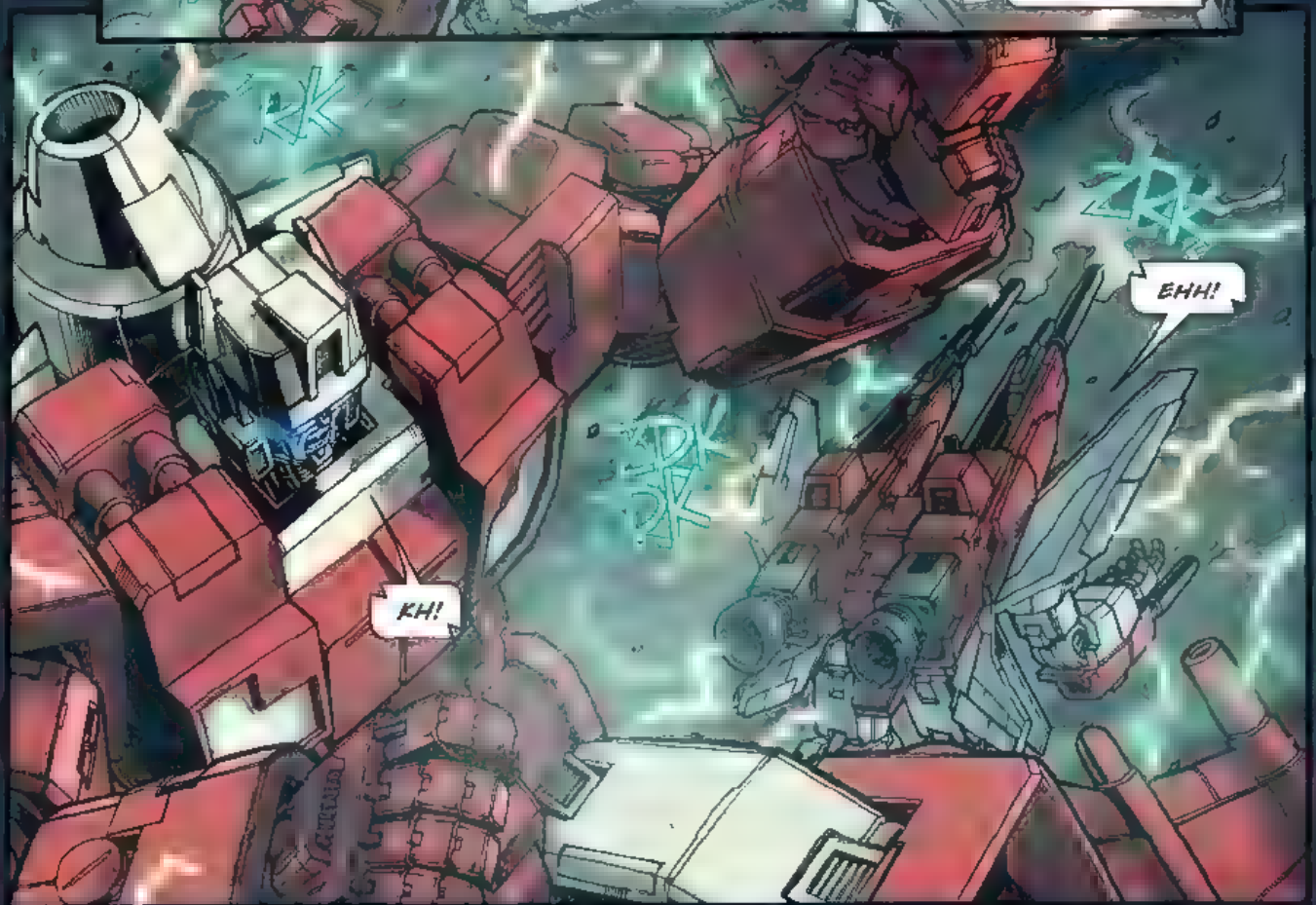
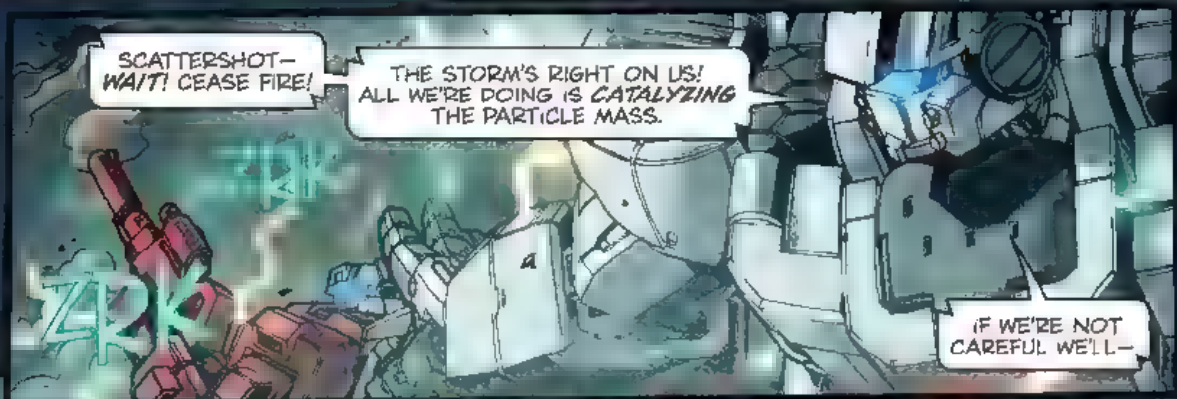
SOME KIND OF
LIGHT-WARPING
ARMOR.

RIGHT, YEAH. BUT WHO
ARE THEY? WHAT ARE THEY
DOING HERE? AND WHY ARE
WE GETTING THE SHORT, SHARP
SHOCK TREATMENT?

GOOD QUESTIONS,
BUT FOR ANOTHER
TIME. RIGHT NOW,
WE NEED **OPTIONS!**



ER. UNSCIENTIFIC
AS THIS SOUNDS,
I'D SUGGEST...





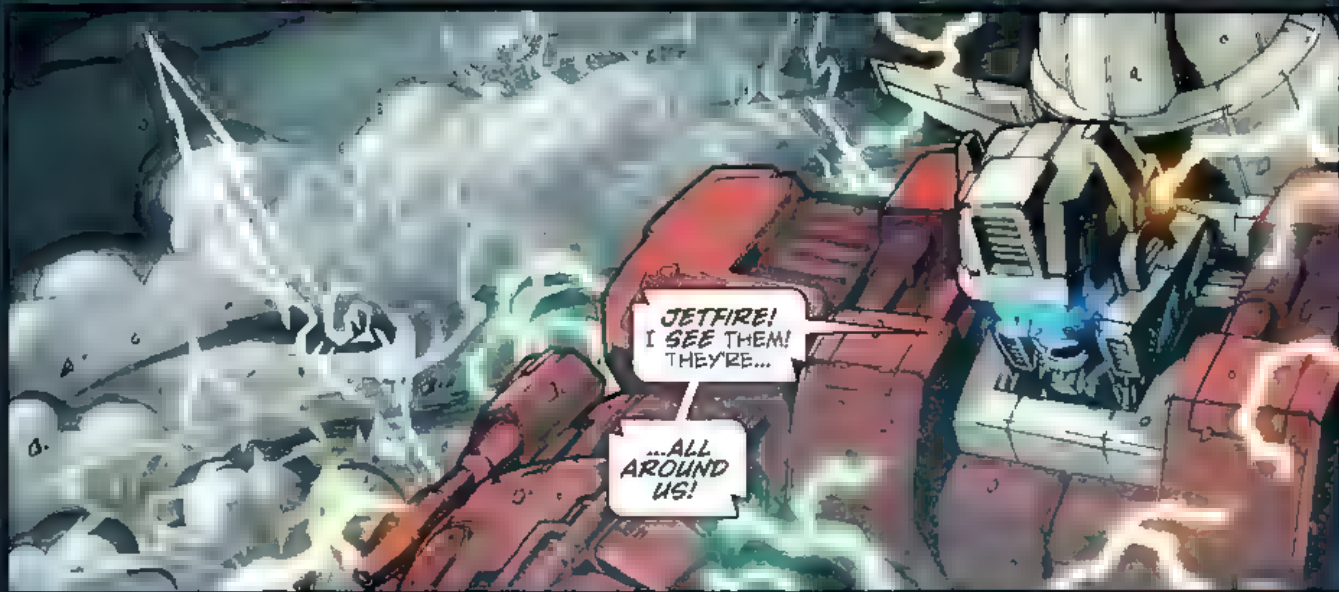
FN-HH. SHIELDS ARE
DOWN, SYSTEMS ARE
OVERLOADING!

WE HAVE TO GET OUT
OF HERE! BEFORE—



HNNNGH...

NOSECONE!
AFTERBURNER!
DO YOU READ
ME? SEND—

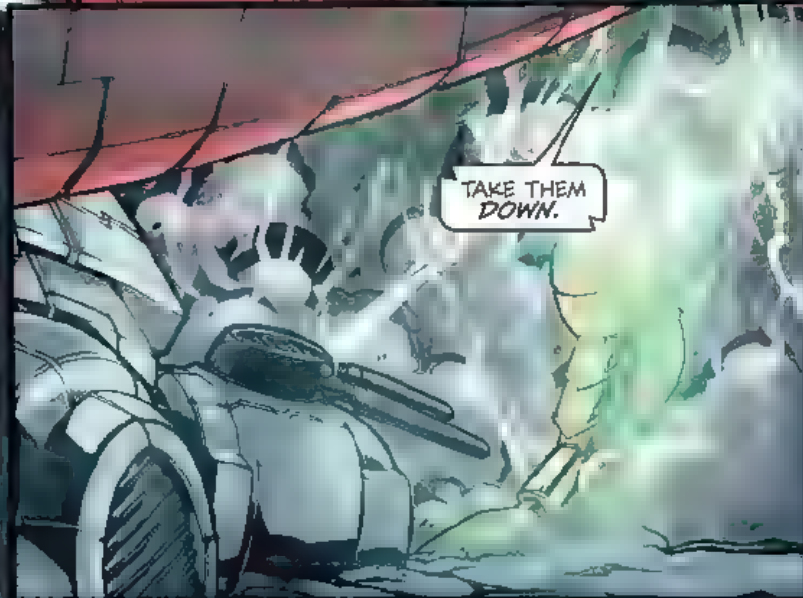
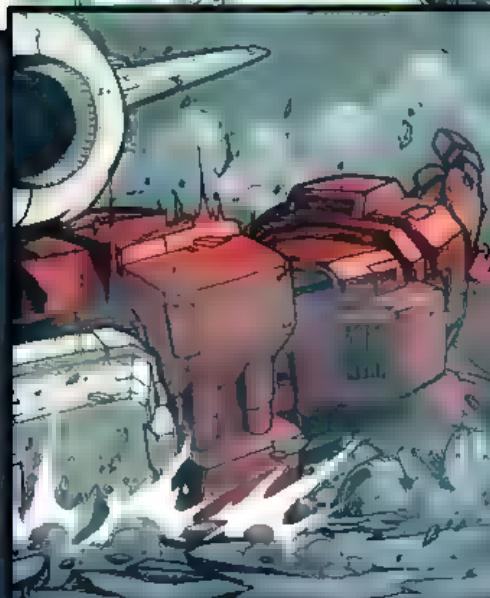


JETFIRE!
I SEE THEM!
THEY'RE...

...ALL
AROUND
US!



DAMN.







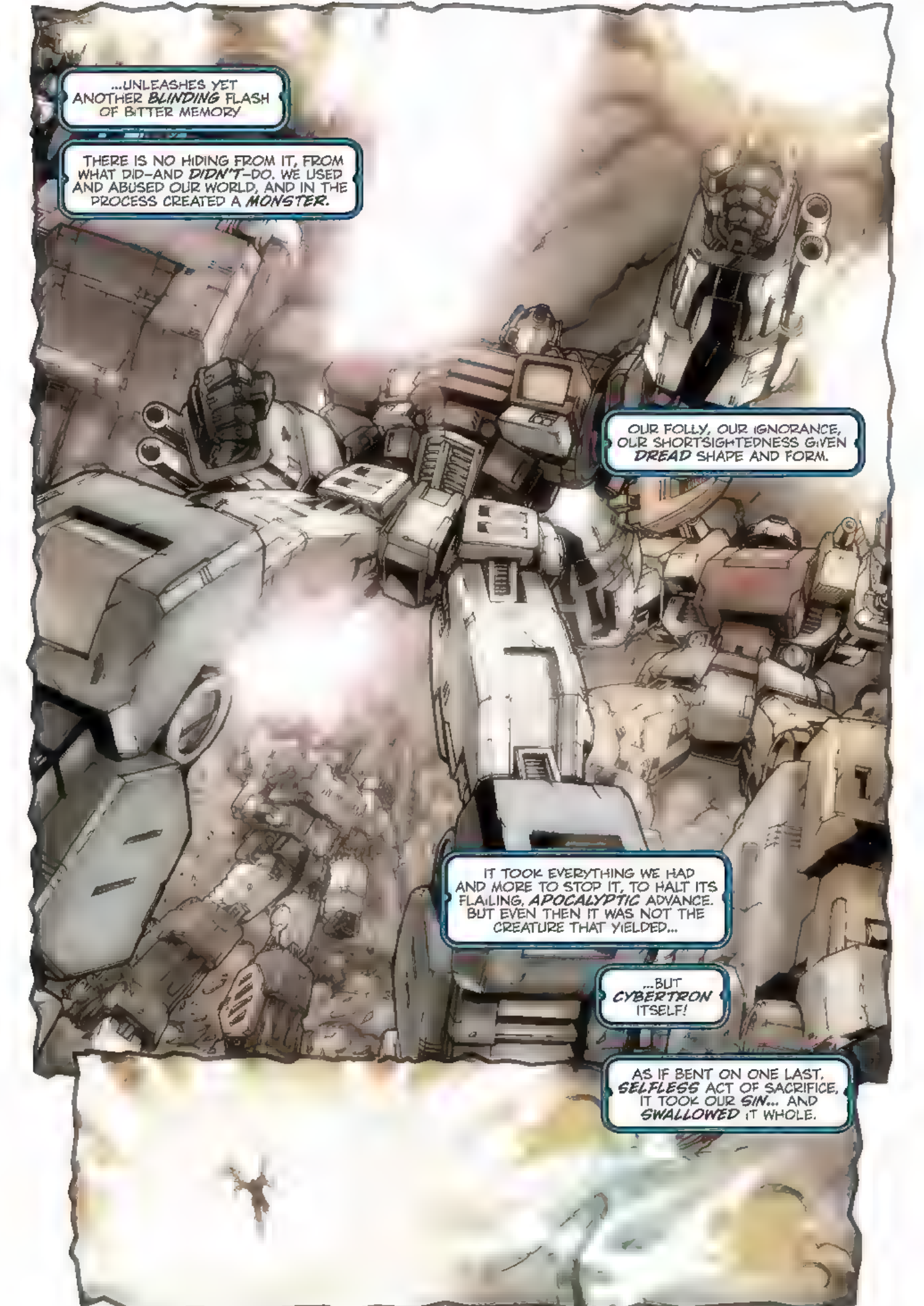
NOSECONE, WHAT ARE YOU *DOING*? WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE POD. THIS IS A SURVEY SHIP... THOSE THINGS'LL GO THROUGH OUR DEFENSES LIKE THEY WEREN'T THERE!

I'M LAUNCHING A *DISTRESS BUOY*. SOMEONE HAS TO KNOW WHAT'S GONE ON HERE!

HURRY!



THE CRASH OF
DISTANT THUNDER...



...UNLEASHES YET
ANOTHER **BLINDING** FLASH
OF BITTER MEMORY

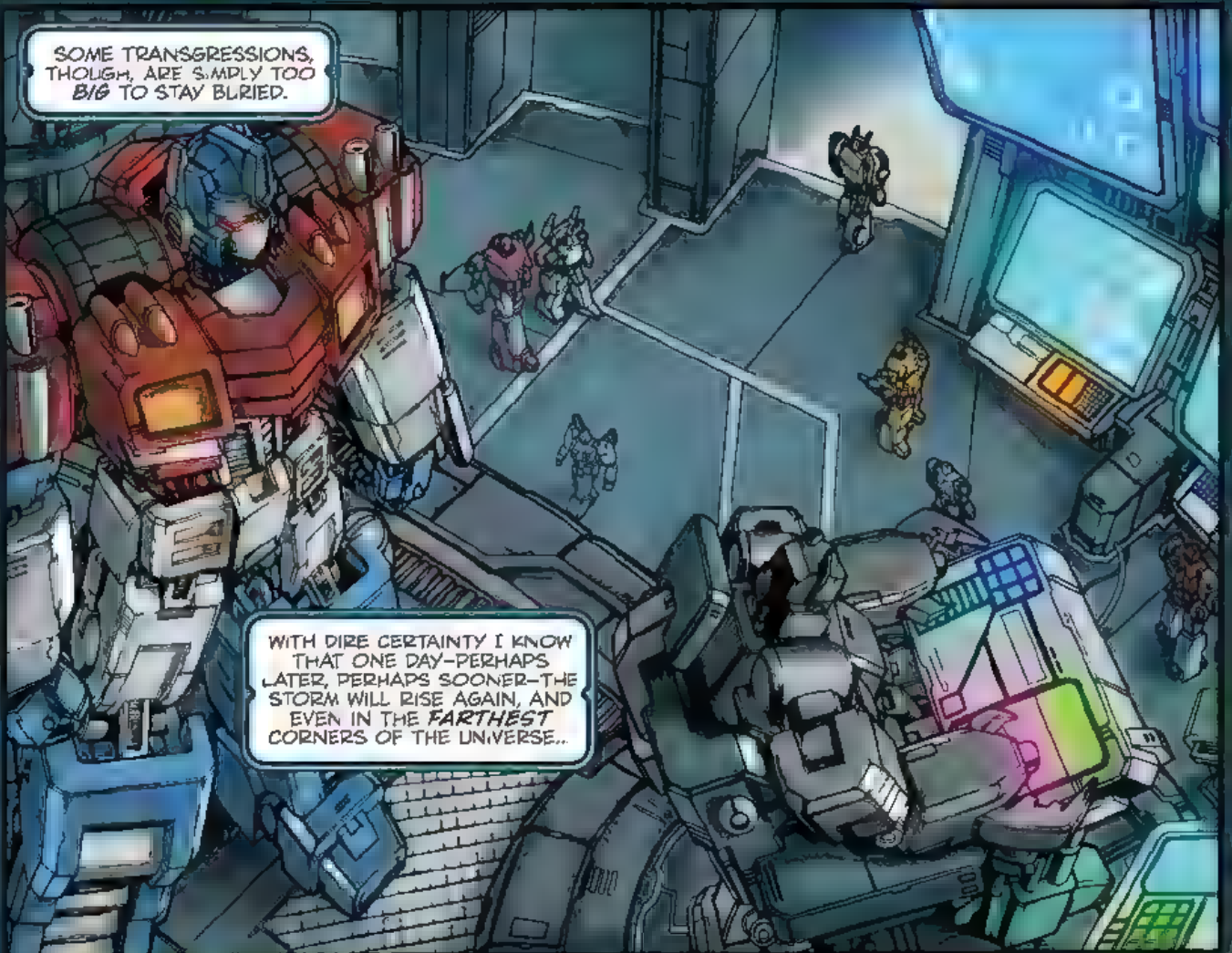
THERE IS NO HIDING FROM IT, FROM
WHAT DID-AND *DIDN'T*-DO. WE USED
AND ABUSED OUR WORLD, AND IN THE
PROCESS CREATED A **MONSTER**.

OUR FOLLY, OUR IGNORANCE,
OUR SHORTSIGHTEDNESS GIVEN
DREAD SHAPE AND FORM.

IT TOOK EVERYTHING WE HAD
AND MORE TO STOP IT, TO HALT ITS
FLAILING, **APOCALYPTIC** ADVANCE.
BUT EVEN THEN IT WAS NOT THE
CREATURE THAT YIELDED...

...BUT
CYBERTRON
ITSELF!

AS IF BENT ON ONE LAST,
SELFLESS ACT OF SACRIFICE,
IT TOOK OUR **SIN**... AND
SWALLOWED IT WHOLE.



SOME TRANSGRESSIONS,
THOUGH, ARE SIMPLY TOO
BIG TO STAY BLIRIED.

WITH DIRE CERTAINTY I KNOW
THAT ONE DAY-PERHAPS
LATER, PERHAPS SOONER-THE
STORM WILL RISE AGAIN, AND
EVEN IN THE **FARTHEST**
CORNERS OF THE UNIVERSE...

"...WE WILL HEAR ITS NAME!"

THNNDRGG-

THNNDRGG-

HH?

WHERE?

THNNDRWGG-

THNNDRWGG-

NO...



THUNDERWING!

THUNDERWING!

TO BE CONTINUED.



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STORMBRINGER



THE TRANSFORMERS

SIMON FURMAN • DON FIBUERTA

STORMBRINGER!



Issue #2
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THE TRANSFORMERS

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STORMBRINGER

IDW
ISSUE #2
RETAILER
INCENTIVE

TRANSFORMERS

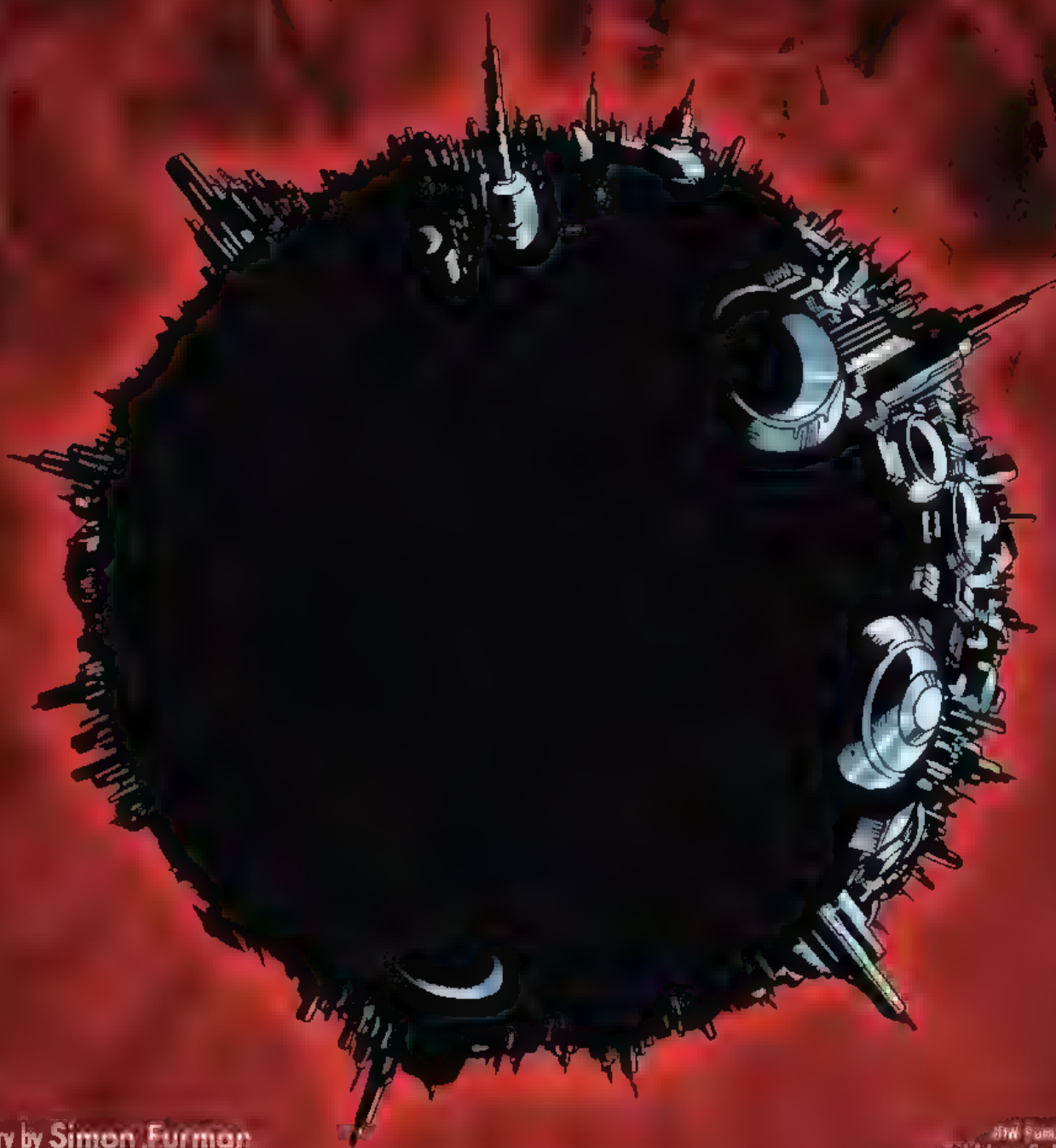
SIMON FURMAN • DON FIBLER/D4

STORMBRINGER



The Transformers: Stormbringer #2

Returning to CYBERTRON on a routine science/monitoring mission, JETFIRE and the TECHNOBOTS (STRAFE, AFTERBURNER, NOSECONE, SCATTERSHOT and LIGHTSPEED) discover that planet is not quite as abandoned as they thought. The echoes of a munderous conflict against an unstoppable foe have again grown loud, and the storm is raging again, full force!



Story by Simon Furman

Art by Don Figueroa

Colors by Josh Burcham

Letters by Robbie Robbins

Edits by Chris Ryall & Dan Taylor

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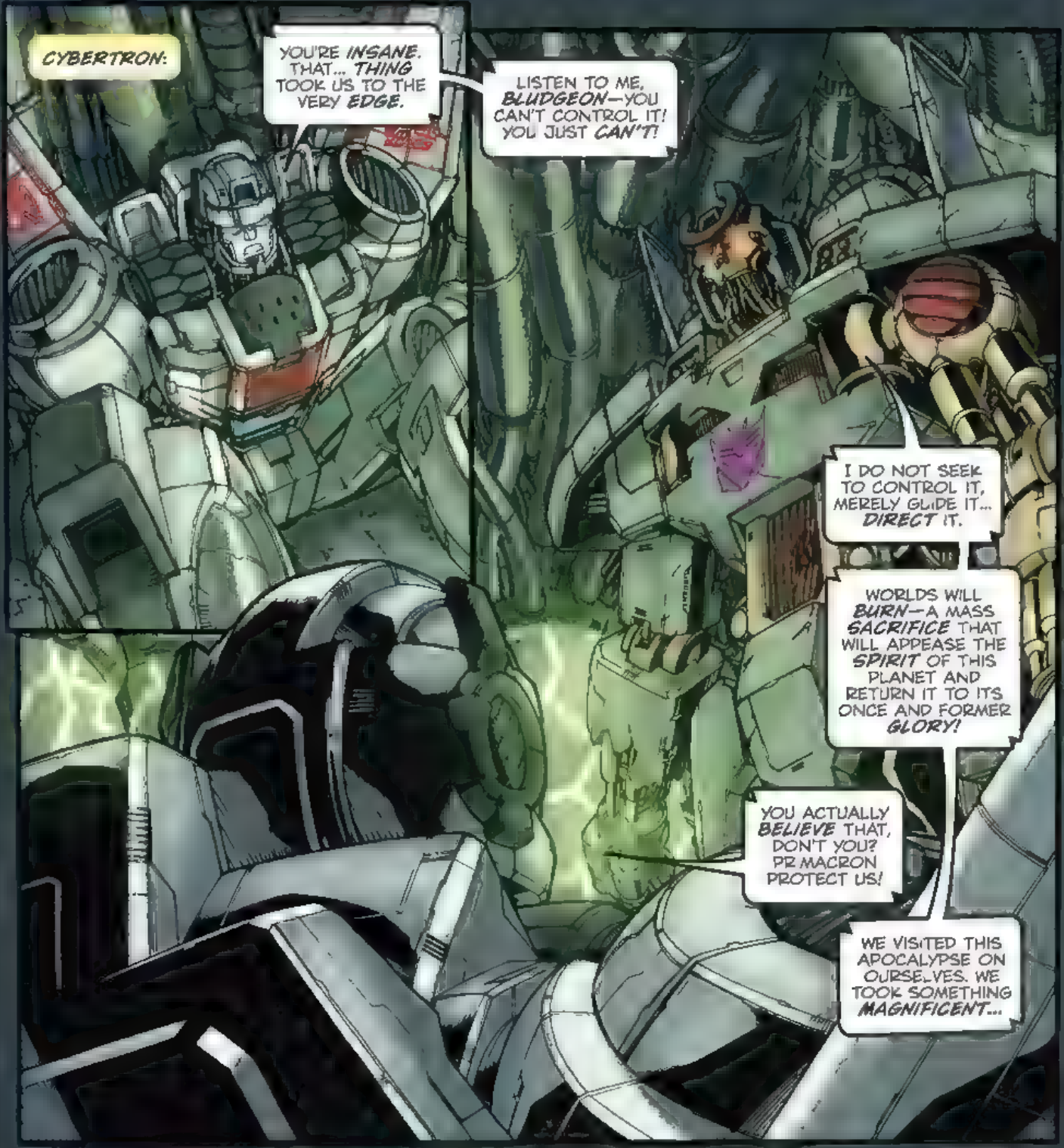
NEBULOS:

WE SAW THE *SIGNS*,
THE PORTENTS—THE
DARK CLOUDS
GATHERING ON OUR
HORIZONS, AND YET...

...WE *AVERTED* OUR
EYES, PRETENDED IT
WASN'T COMING.

AND IN DOING SO, WE
UNLEASHED A *STORM*
OF EVEN *GREATER*
MAGNITUDE, ONE THAT
SO VERY NEARLY...

...DESTROYED
US ALL.



CYBERTRON:

YOU'RE *INSANE*.
THAT... *THING*
TOOK US TO THE
VERY *EDGE*.

LISTEN TO ME,
BLUDGEON—YOU
CAN'T CONTROL IT!
YOU JUST *CAN'T*!

I DO NOT SEEK
TO CONTROL IT,
MERELY *GLIDE* IT...
DIRECT IT.

WORLDS WILL
BURN—A MASS
SACRIFICE THAT
WILL *APPEASE* THE
SPIRIT OF THIS
PLANET AND
RETURN IT TO ITS
ONCE AND FORMER
GLORY!

YOU ACTUALLY
BELIEVE THAT,
DON'T YOU?
PR *MACRON*
PROTECT US!

WE VISITED THIS
APOCALYPSE ON
OURSELVES. WE
TOOK SOMETHING
MAGNIFICENT...

"...AND TURNED
IT INTO A
WASTELAND!"

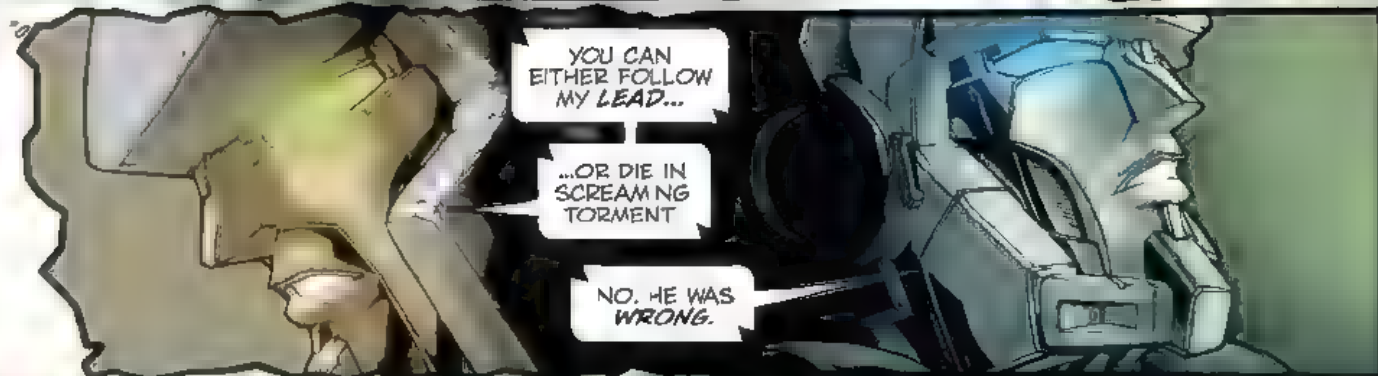
AND IF THERE IS *BLAME* TO BE
APPORTIONED, *JETFIRE*, YOU
MUST SHOULDER YOUR DUE SHARE.
YOU *KNEW*. YOU WERE *WARNED*...



...AND YET YOU
DID NOTHING.

CYBERTRON...
IS DYING.

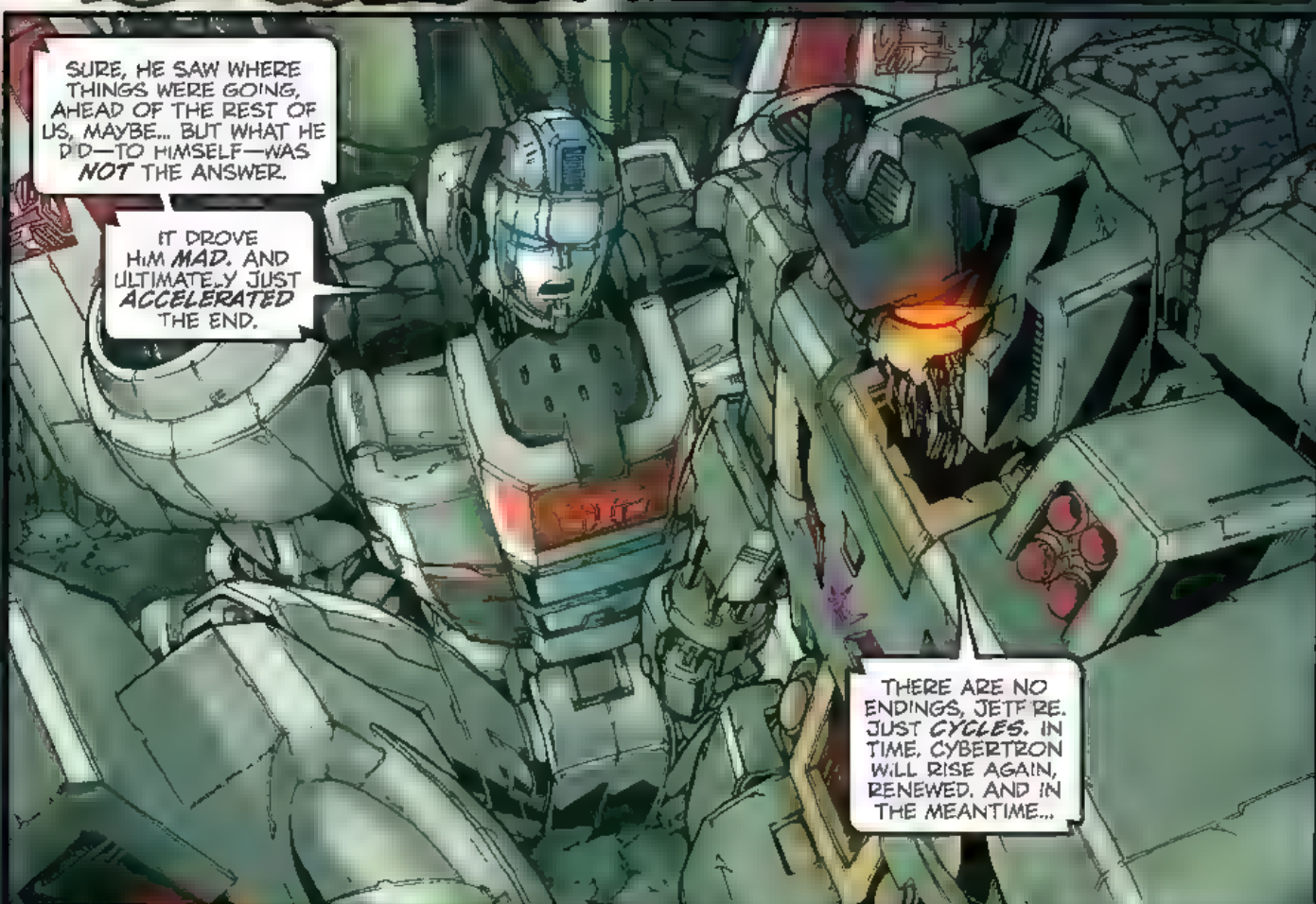
THE WAR, AS
WELL AS LEECHING ALL
AVAILABLE RESOURCES,
HAS **SHATTERED** THE
PLANET'S PROTECTIVE
ATMOSPHERE, RAVAGED
ITS ABILITY TO RESTORE
AND REPLENISH ITSELF.



YOU CAN
EITHER FOLLOW
MY LEAD...

...OR DIE IN
SCREAMING
TORMENT

NO. HE WAS
WRONG.



SURE, HE SAW WHERE
THINGS WERE GOING,
AHEAD OF THE REST OF
US, MAYBE... BUT WHAT HE
DID—TO HIMSELF—WAS
NOT THE ANSWER.

IT DROVE
HIM **MAD**. AND
ULTIMATELY JUST
ACCELERATED
THE END.

THERE ARE NO
ENDINGS, JETTY RE.
JUST **CYCLES**. IN
TIME, CYBERTRON
WILL RISE AGAIN,
RENEWED. AND IN
THE MEANTIME...



...WE WILL
FINISH WHAT
THUNDERWING
STARTED.




OH... NO.

YOU'RE TRYING TO
REPLICATE HIS *GRAFTING*
PROCESS, AREN'T YOU? I-I
THOUGHT I RECOGNIZED
THE TECHNOLOGY!
BLUDGEON, YOU... CAN'T!
YOU *MUSTN'T*—

I CAN. I HAVE.
RIGHT NOW...

...YOUR COMPATRIOTS ARE
PROVIDING THE NECESSARY *RAW*
MATERIALS. AND SOON...



...WE WILL *ALL* BE SO
MUCH *MORE* THAN WE
ARE NOW!

WHEN YOU THINK
ABOUT IT, THOSE WHO
PERISHED ABOARD THE
CALABI-YAU...



"...GOT OFF
LIGHTLY!"

AUTOBOT ORBITAL
COMMAND HUB:

HAS THIS BEEN
VERIFIED?

YES, SIR. THE
MESSAGE BUOY
WAS DEFINITELY
LAUNCHED BY
THE CALABI YAU.
WE'VE TRIED
HAILING HER AND
NOTHING—JUST
DEAD SPACE.

ACTION?

A ROGUE ENERGY
TRACE DETECTED
IN THE IMMEDIATE
VICINITY OF
**THUNDERHEAD
PASS**, MISSILES
LAUNCHED FROM
ROUGHLY THE SAME
COORDINATES?
SEARCHLIGHT...

...GET ME THE
WRECKERS.

VARAS CENTRALUS,
IN THE KOL SYSTEM

WHAT DO YOU
MEAN, IT'S A
LOST CAUSE? OF
COURSE IT'S A
LOST CAUSE.

THAT'S WHY
WE'RE HERE!

SAY AGAIN?

NO. I DON'T CARE IF
IT'S PHASE SIXTY! WE
DON'T CEDE THIS WORLD
TO THE DECEPTICONS
WITHOUT ONE HECK OF
A KICK AND STRUGGLE.
LISTEN, **BLUESTREAK**,
GET YOUR SQUAD OUT
HERE NOW...

THUNDER

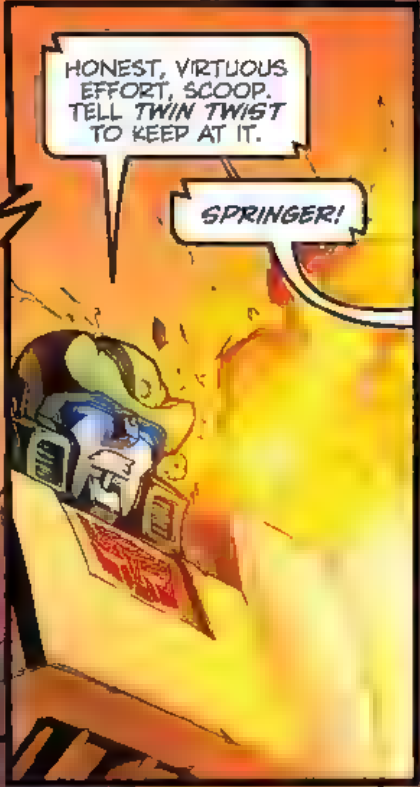
THUNDER

"...OR YOU'LL
MISS ALL THE
FUN!"



SCOOP—HOW'S
MY STORM
TUNNEL COMING?

SLOWLY, *SPRINGER*,
SLOWLY. THE LOCAL
ROCK IS VERY DENSE.
PRIMACRON KNOWS HOW
THE DECEPTICONS GOT
THEIR *SIEGE MODE*
ARMATURE PLACED!



HONEST, VIRTUOUS
EFFORT, SCOOP.
TELL *TWIN TWIST*
TO KEEP AT IT.

SPRINGER!



OPS-COMMAND!
IT'S URGENT.

ISN'T IT
ALWAYS?

HH. GIVE
IT HERE.



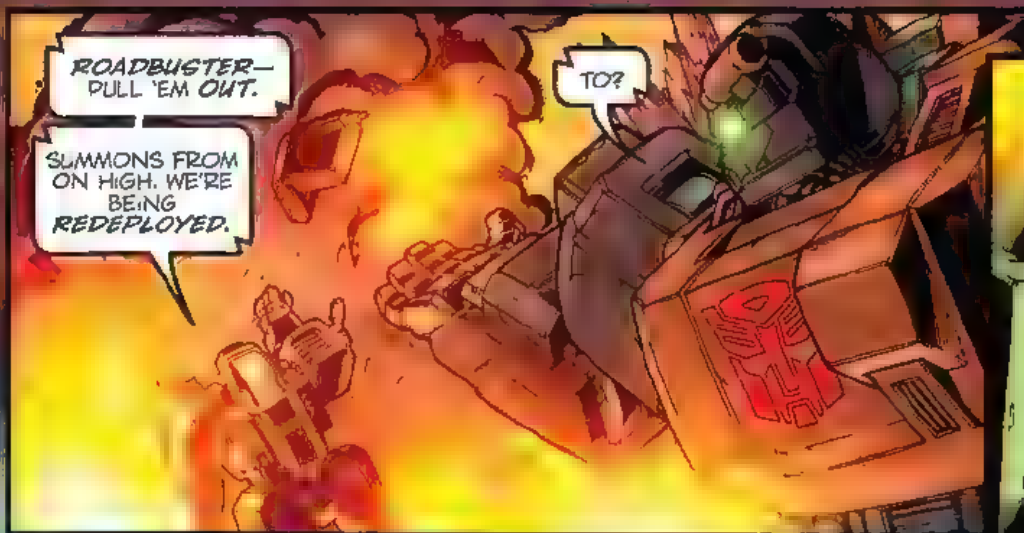
YES?

NO.

DIRECT FROM
PRIME. YOL
SAY? WHAT
ABOUT *VARAS*?

ONE BIG DISASTER
AREA. BUT THAT'S
NEVER STOPPED
US IN THE PAST.

OKAY. BUT I *HATE*
LEAVING A BATTLE
HALF-FOUGHT.



ROADBUSTER—
PULL 'EM OUT.

SUMMONS FROM
ON HIGH. WE'RE
BEING
REDEPLOYED.

TO?



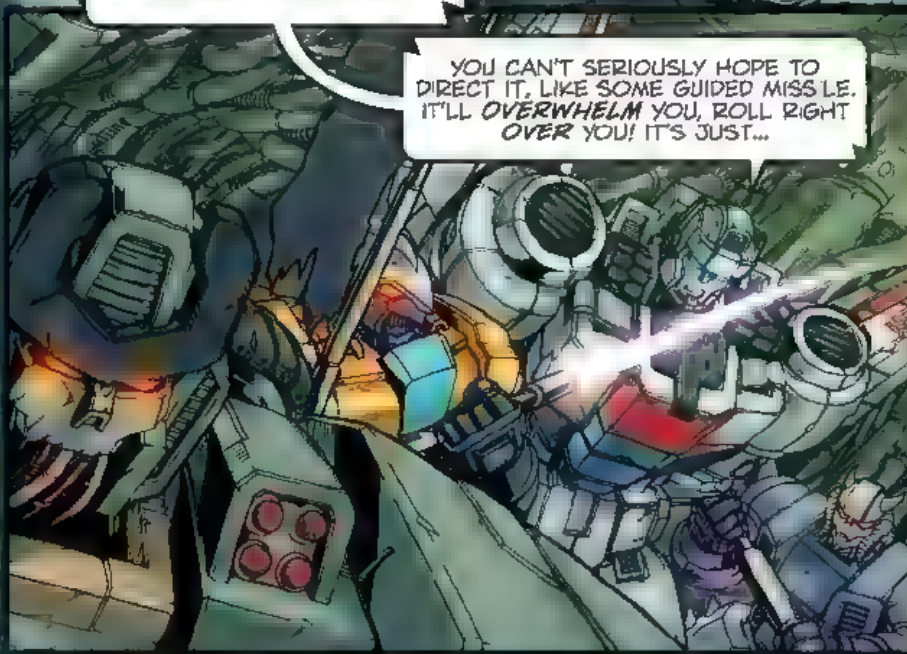
HOME.

CYBERTRON...

"...I'M BEGGING
YOU, DON'T
DO IT!"

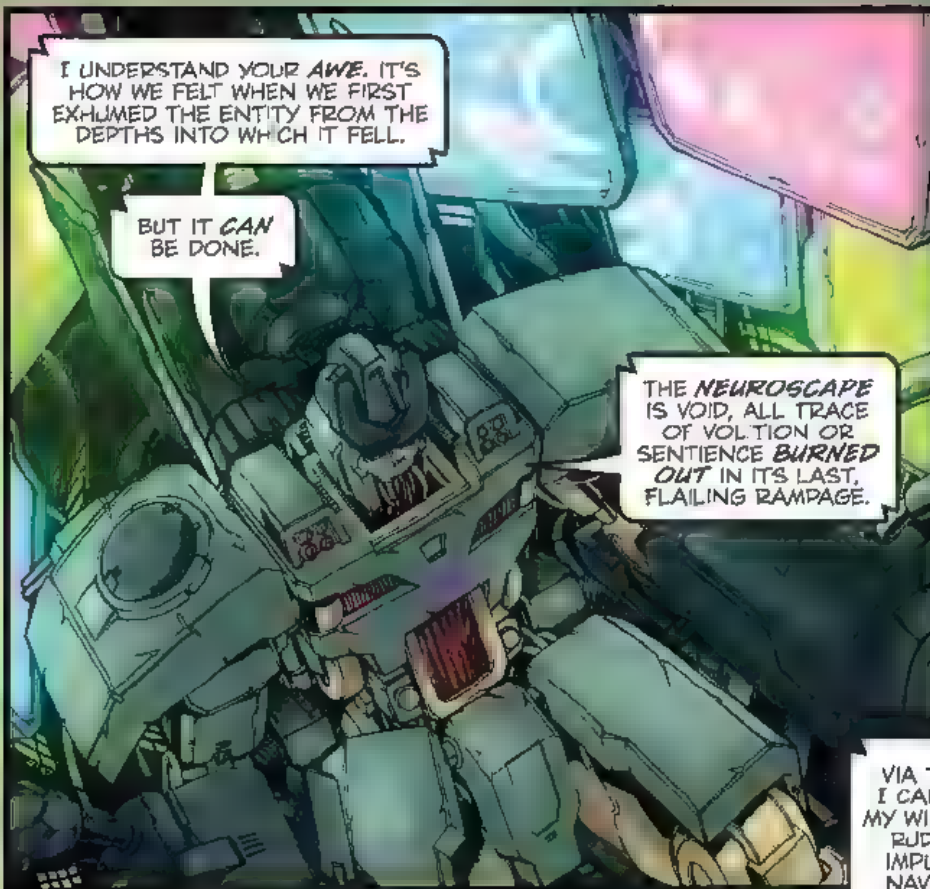
THIS THING, IT'S NOT A
CONTAINABLE QUANTITY. IT'S
A FORCE OF NATURE.

YOU CAN'T SERIOUSLY HOPE TO
DIRECT IT, LIKE SOME GUIDED MISSILE.
IT'LL OVERWHELM YOU, ROLL RIGHT
OVER YOU! IT'S JUST...



...TOO BIG.





I UNDERSTAND YOUR AWE. IT'S HOW WE FELT WHEN WE FIRST EXHUMED THE ENTITY FROM THE DEPTHS INTO WHICH IT FELL.

BUT IT *CAN* BE DONE.

THE *NEUROSCAPE* IS VOID, ALL TRACE OF VOLITION OR SENTIENCE *BURNED OUT* IN ITS LAST, FLAILING RAMPAGE.

VIA THE UPLINK, I CAN *IMPRINT* MY WILL—PROVIDE RUDIMENTARY IMPULSES AND NAVIGATIONAL PROMPTS. THE REST, WELL...

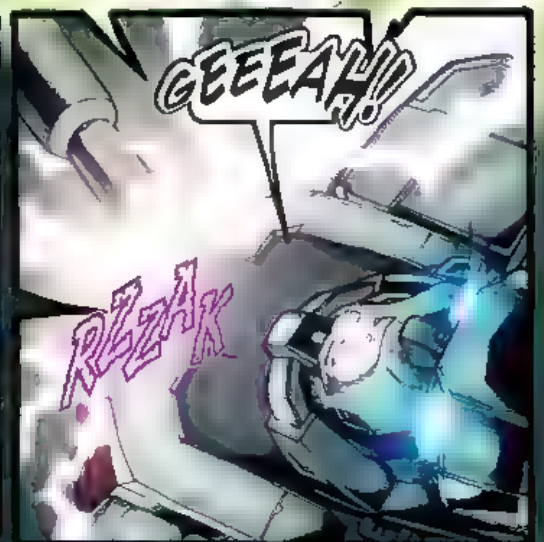
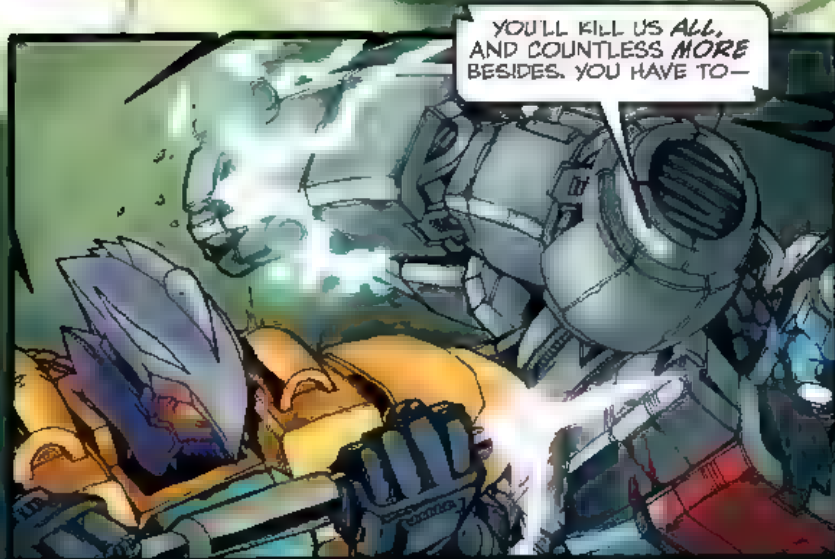
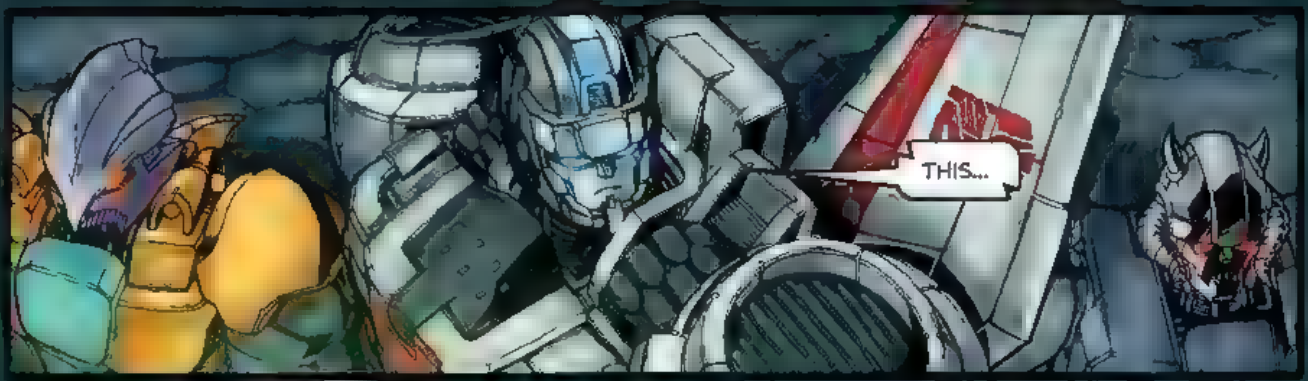
"...IT'LL BE A CASE OF DOING WHAT COMES *NATURALLY*."

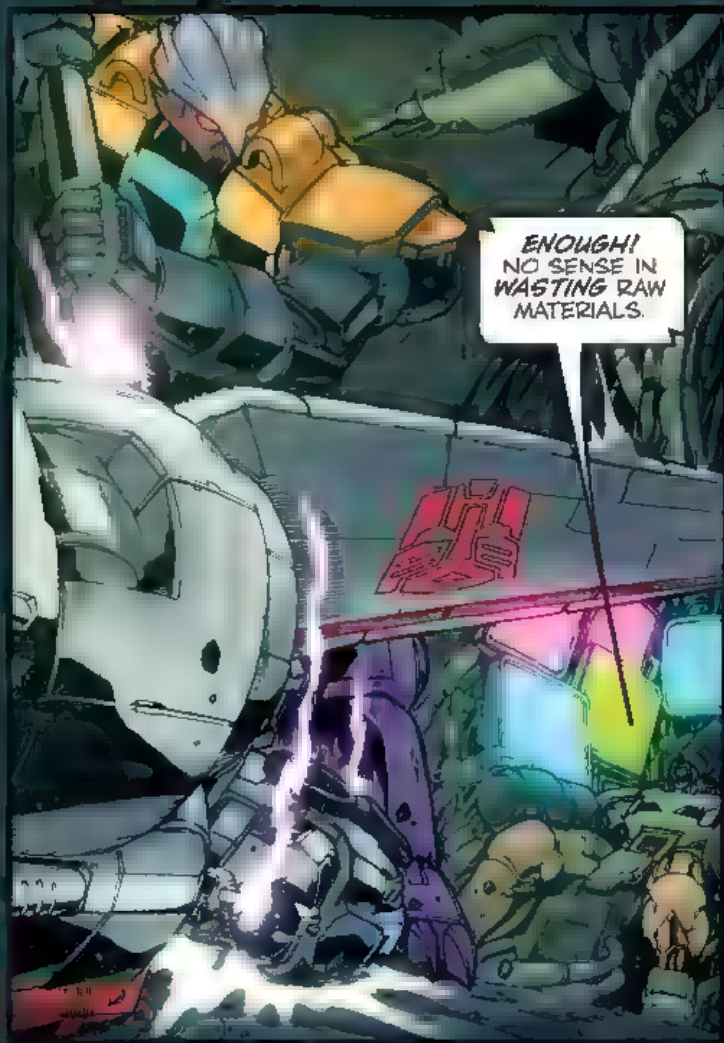
DOING...

NO... *NO!* IF YOU LET IT *LOOSE*, THERE'LL BE NO STOPPING IT. YOU CAN'T JUST TURN IT ON AND OFF, IT'LL CONSUME EVERYTHING... *YOU* INCLUDED!

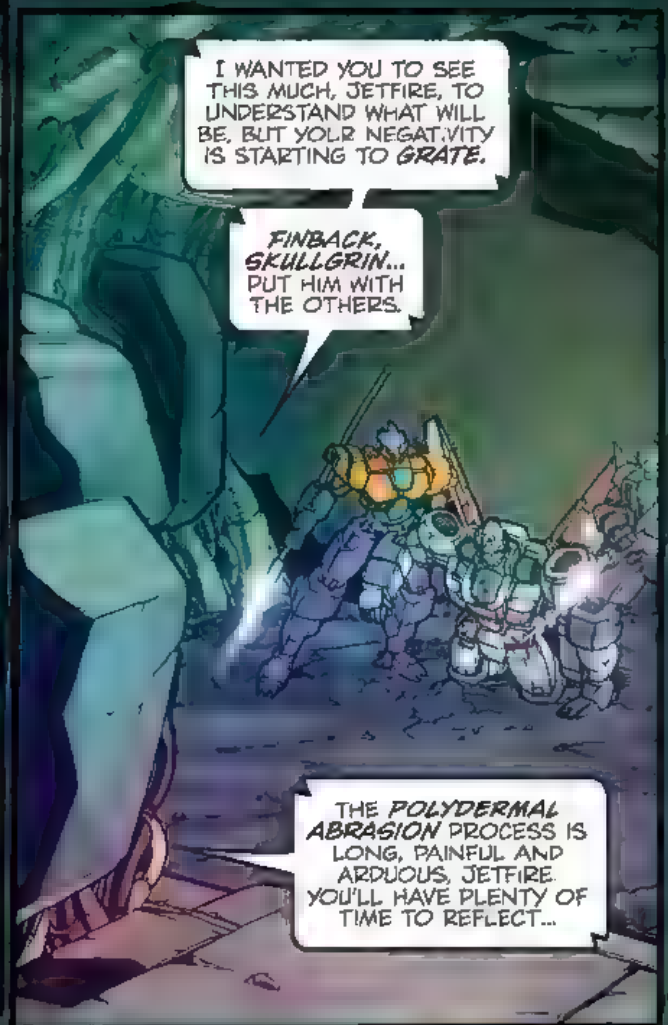
I THINK NOT. *IGHANUS, BOMB-BURST...*

...*ROUSE* THE ENTITY!





ENOUGH!
NO SENSE IN
WASTING RAW
MATERIALS.



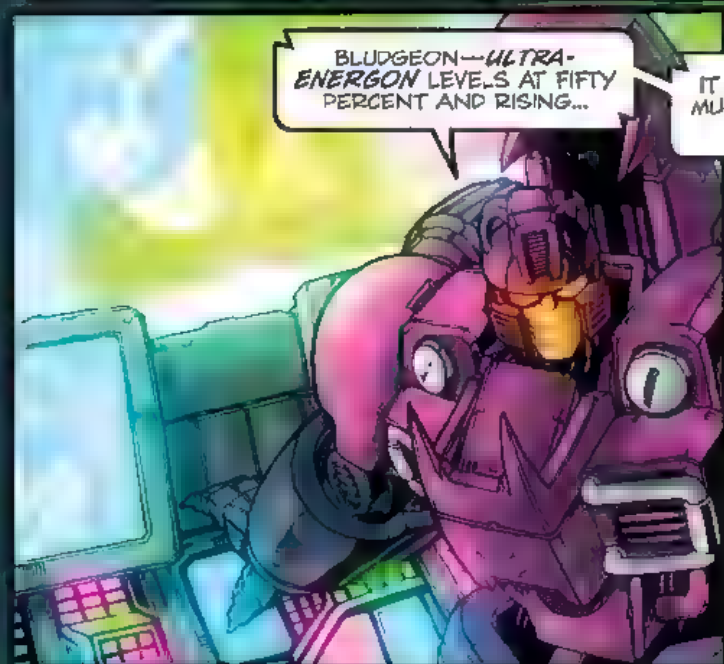
I WANTED YOU TO SEE
THIS MUCH, JETFIRE, TO
UNDERSTAND WHAT WILL
BE, BUT YOUR NEGATIVITY
IS STARTING TO GRATE.

FINBACK,
SKULLGRIN...
PUT HIM WITH
THE OTHERS.

THE POLYDERMAL
ABRASION PROCESS IS
LONG, PAINFUL AND
ARDUOUS, JETFIRE.
YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF
TIME TO REFLECT...

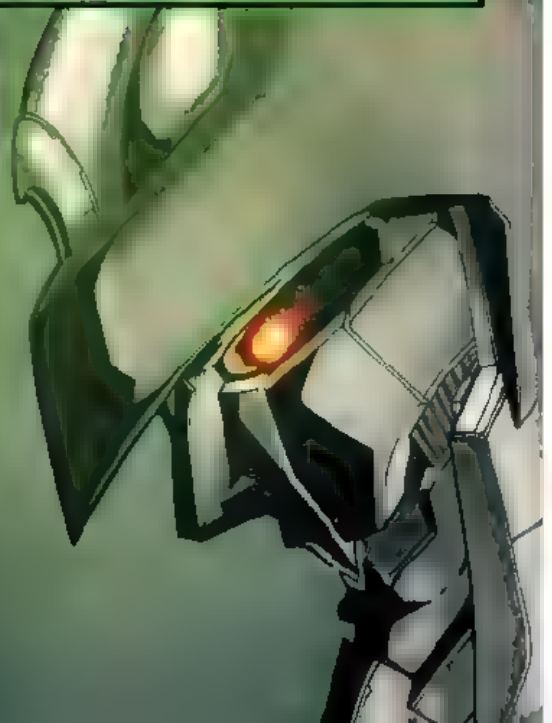


...ON YOUR
GENERAL LACK
OF FAITH.



BLUDGEON—ULTRA-
ENERGON LEVELS AT FIFTY
PERCENT AND RISING...

IT WON'T BE
MUCH LONGER
NOW!





AUTOBOT
BATTLECRUISER
XANTIUM:

THUNDERWING.
HHH.




NEVER DID
WANT TO LIVE
FOREVER.

THAT'S NOT CONFIRMED,
SPRINGER. BUT, GIVEN THE
CIRCUMSTANCES, I'M
TAKING NO CHANCES.


OUR E.T.A.
IS NINETEEN
MEGACYCLES.
YOU?

ABOUT THAT. WE'LL
RENDEZVOUS ON
LUNAR TWO'S
DARKSIDE.

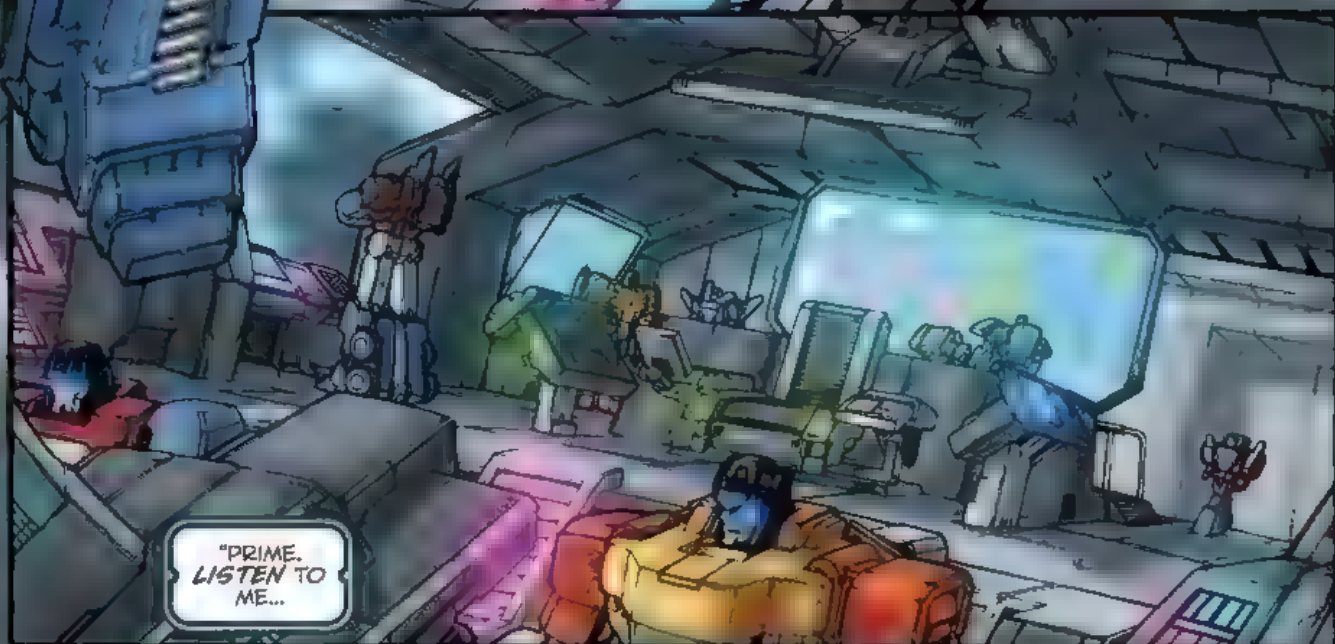


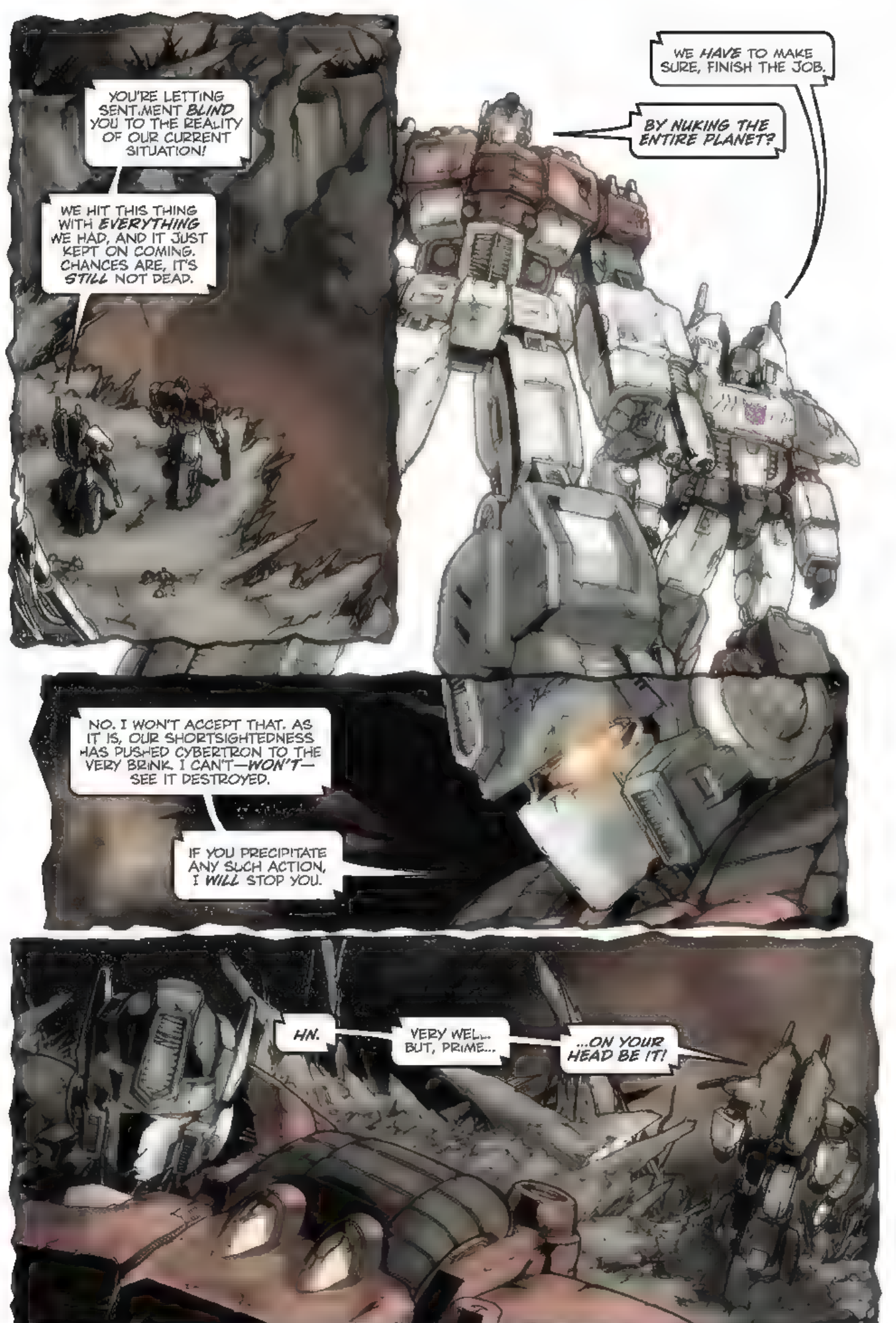
FINE. LOOK,
PRIME... IF IT IS
THUNDERWING,
CONVENTIONAL
WEAPONRY WON'T
CUT IT, WE KNOW
THAT FROM
BITTER
EXPERIENCE.

IF ALL
ELSE FAILS...



...I SAY WE **BURN**
WHAT'S LEFT OF
CYBERTRON AND
THAT MONSTROSITY
ALONG WITH IT!





YOU'RE LETTING
SENTIMENT *BLIND*
YOU TO THE REALITY
OF OUR CURRENT
SITUATION!

WE HIT THIS THING
WITH *EVERYTHING*
WE HAD, AND IT JUST
KEPT ON COMING.
CHANCES ARE, IT'S
STILL NOT DEAD.

WE *HAVE* TO MAKE
SURE, FINISH THE JOB.

BY *NUKING* THE
ENTIRE PLANET?

NO. I WON'T ACCEPT THAT. AS
IT IS, OUR SHORTSIGHTEDNESS
HAS PUSHED CYBERTRON TO THE
VERY BRINK. I CAN'T—*WON'T*—
SEE IT DESTROYED.

IF YOU PRECIPITATE
ANY SUCH ACTION,
I *WILL* STOP YOU.

HN.

VERY WELL...
BUT, PRIME...

...ON YOUR
HEAD BE IT!

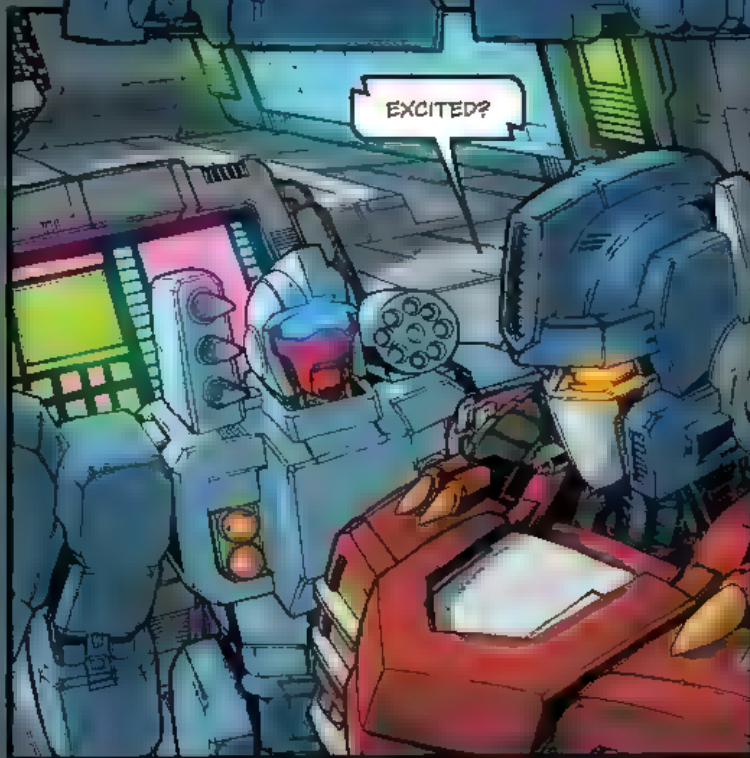


OPTIMUS
PRIME?

AH, UM...
DOGFIGHT,
ISN'T IT?

YES, SIR! I, AH, JUST
WANTED TO SAY WHAT
AN HONOR IT IS TO
SERVE ALONGSIDE YOU
ON THIS MISSION.

I'M VERY EXCITED BY
THE OPPORTUNITY.



EXCITED?



LET US HOPE...
DOGFIGHT... THAT WHEN,
ONE WAY OR ANOTHER,
THIS IS ALL OVER...

...THAT
SENTIMENT
PREVAELS.

CYBERTRON:

AFTERBURNER?
AFTERBURNER?
C'MON... GET UP!

WH-? UH...

EVERYTHING...
HURTS. HARD
TO THINK...

...TO MOVE...

I KNOW. COSMIC RADIATION
LEVELS ARE OFF THE SCALE.
LIGHTSPEED AND THE OTHERS
HAD SHIELDING... WE DON'T.

THAT'S WHY WE HAVE TO
FIND SHELTER. IF WE STAY
OUT HERE, WE DIE.

TH-THOUGHT WE WERE...
ALREADY DEAD...

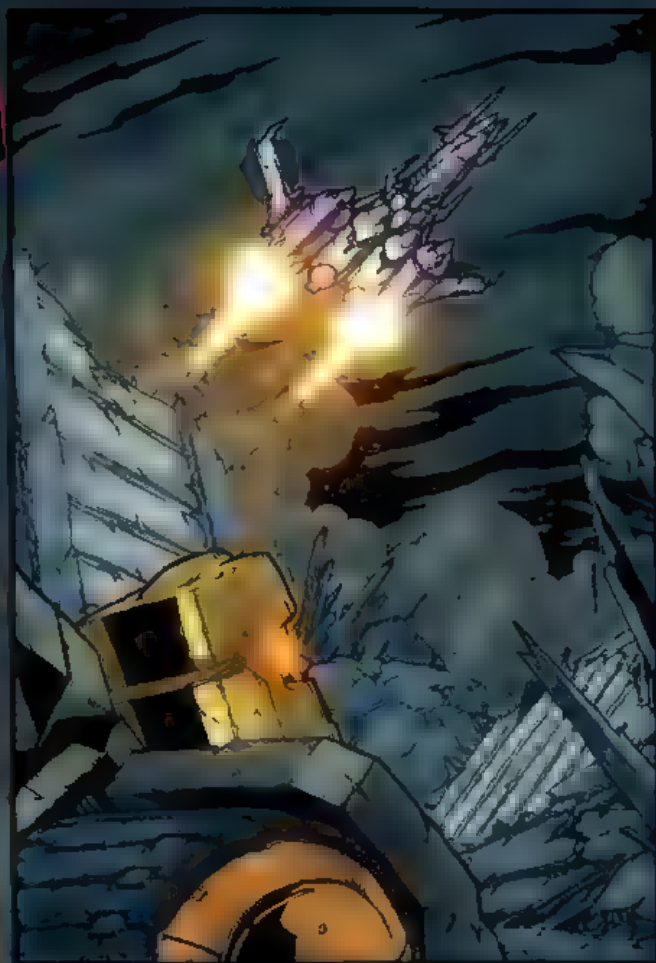
YEAH. CUT IT
FINE. ONLY JUST
GOT TO THE
ESCAPE POD...

...BEFORE THE
CALIB-YAU WAS
VAPORIZED

AS IT WAS, THE
BLAST TOOK OUT THE
POD'S GYRO-GUIDANCE
THRUSTERS. MUST'VE
FALLEN LIKE A—

KRRMM

WZAT?



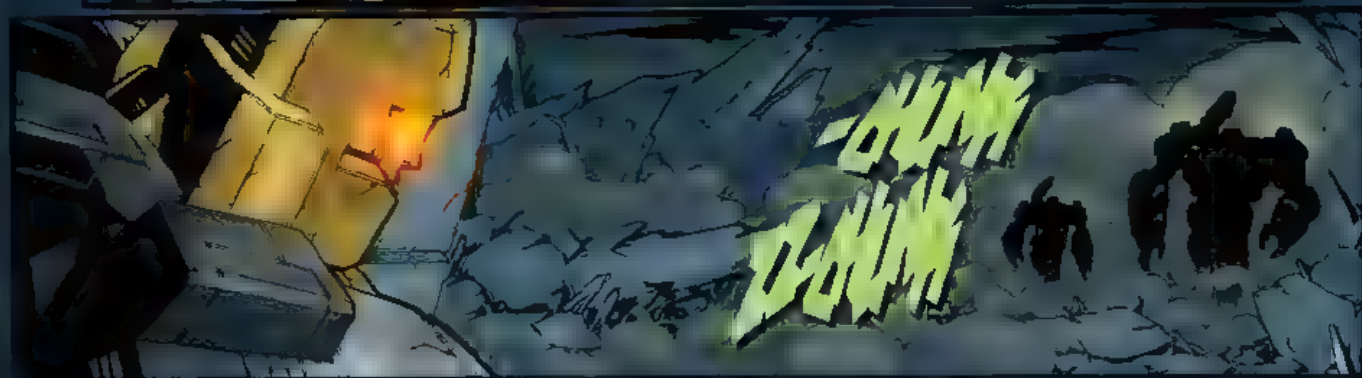
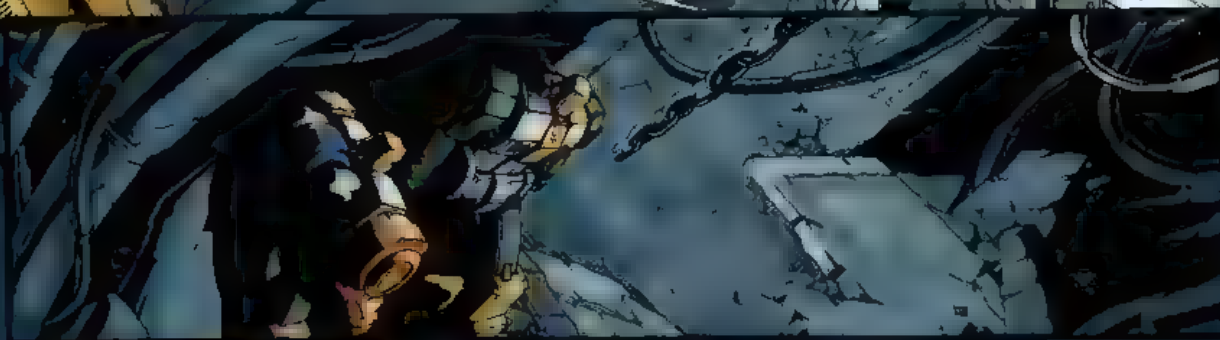
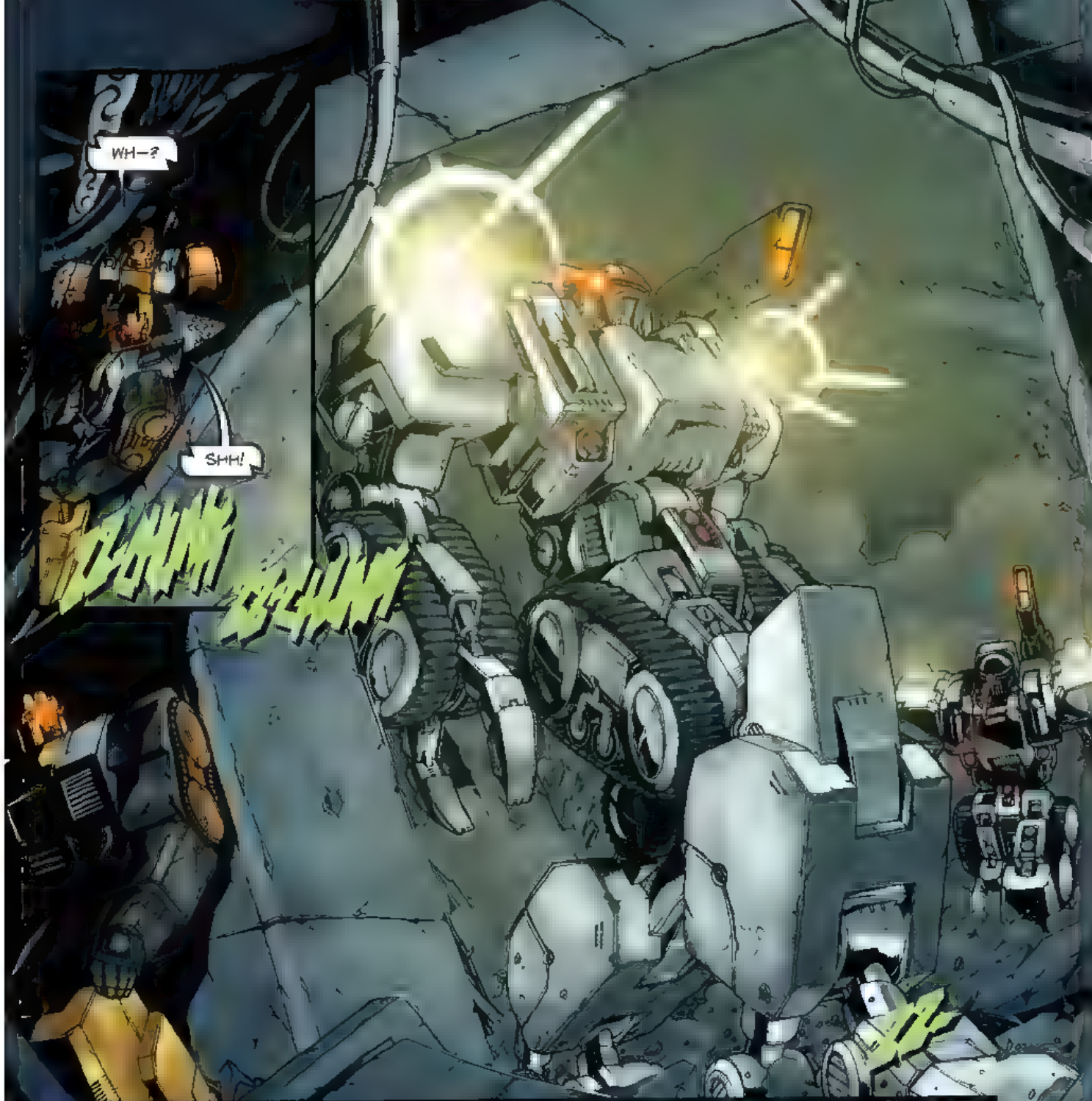
NOTHING.

C'MON... IF WE'RE
WHERE I *THINK* WE ARE,
THERE'S A STORAGE
BUNKER BY THE LATERAL
ZONE PERIMETER. IT
SHOULD—



MOVE!





WH THEY-?

YEAH,
CENTURION
DRONES.

QUEST ON
IS... WERE THEY
JUST ON PATROL,
OR WERE THEY
LOOKING FOR US?

EITHER
WAY, IT'S A FAIR
BET WHOEVER
REACTIVATED, AND-
BY THE LOOK OF
THINGS-UPGRADED
THEM, WAS THE SAME
SOMEONE WHO TRIED
TO VAPE US IN
ORBIT

CLEAR

WE HAVE TO *KEEP*
MOVING BETWEEN THE
CENTURIONS AND THE
GENERAL TOXIC SMOG,
WE'RE A DISTINCTLY
ENDANGERED SPECIES.

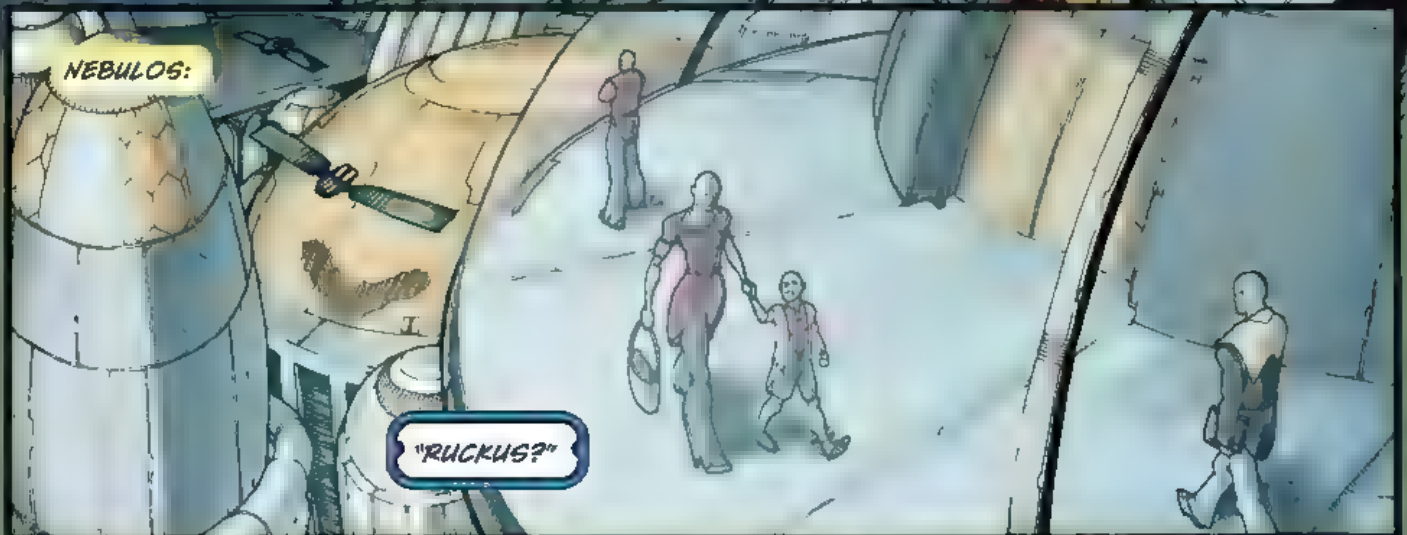
NOSECONE, I...

...DON'T
THINK...

...I CAN GO
OWNN...

...NEITHER...
CAN. I.

Y-Y'KNOW
SOMETHING,
AFTERBURNER...



DECEPTICON
INFILTRATION
UNIT:

WHATEVER IT IS,
DARKWING, IT'S
CLOSING FAST.

NEBULAN?


NEGATIVE.
TOO B.G. TOO
SOPHISTICATED. IT
EMERGED THROUGH
A **FOLDSPACE**
TRANSITION, SO IT
MUST HAVE SOME KIND
OF INTERSTELLAR
DRIVE.

SHOULD HAVE
VISUAL ANY
MOMENT NOW...

WE SAW THE **SIGNS**, THE
PORTENTS—THE **DARK CLOUDS**
GATHERING ON OUR HORIZONS,
AND YET WE **AVERTED** OUR EYES,
PRETENDED IT WASN'T COMING.

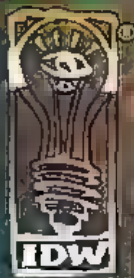
AND IN DOING SO WE UNLEASHED
A **STORM** OF EVEN **GREATER**
MAGNITUDE, ONE THAT SO VERY
NEARLY DESTROYED US **ALL**.

AND **NOW**, IT SEEMS...



...OTHERS
SHALL REAP
THE WHIRLWIND.

TO BE
CONTINUED...



ISSUE #5
\$2.99

THE TRANSFORMERS

SIMON FURMAN • DON FIGUEROA



TRANSFORMERS

SIMON FURMAN - DON FIORELLA



ISSUE 1
\$2.99

STORMBRINGER

The Transformers: Stormbringer #3

Having successfully reanimated the living weapon known as THUNDERWING, BLUDGEON and his rogue DECEPTICONS turn their attention to the captive JETFIRE, unaware that a distress call from TECHNOBOTS NOSECONE and AFTERBURNER has reached OPTIMUS PRIME. It's now a race against time, with BLUDGEON loose on NEBULOS and NOSECONE and AFTERBURNER at the mercy of Bludgeon's mindless Centurion drones...



Story by Simon Furman

Art by Don Figueroa

colors by Josh Burcham

letters by Sulaco Studios

edits by Chris Ryall & Dan Taylor



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NEBULOG:

IT IS A CLEANSING,
PURIFYING FIRE, A
TORRID TEMPEST,
SWEEPING AWAY
THE PETRIED
REMEMBRANCE OF
SINS PAST.

A SWORD, FORGED
FROM PURE ANARCHY
AND BEDLAM, TO
SCRIBE BLOODY
TRIBUTE TO ANGRY
POWERS-THAT-BE.

JUDGMENT.
NEMESIS.
ARMAGEDDON.

APOCALYPSE.

NOW

WORLDS WILL
BURN AND FROM
THE ASHES OF
FUNERAL PYRES, LIT
THE LENGTH AND
BREADTH OF THE
GALAXY

FAAASH

KRUMMP

—A NEW
CYBERTRON
WILL ARISE.

CYBERTRON.

"THIS..."

...IS JUST THE
BEGINNING.

WHEN THE ENTITY IS
FINISHED ON NEBULOS,
WHEN IT HAS REDUCED
THE PLANET TO A CINDER
AND ERADICATED EVERY
LIVING THING ON IT...

...WE WILL
SEND IT
ONWARDS, TO
ANOTHER
PLANET...

...AND
ANOTHER...

ALL HAIL
THUNDERWING!

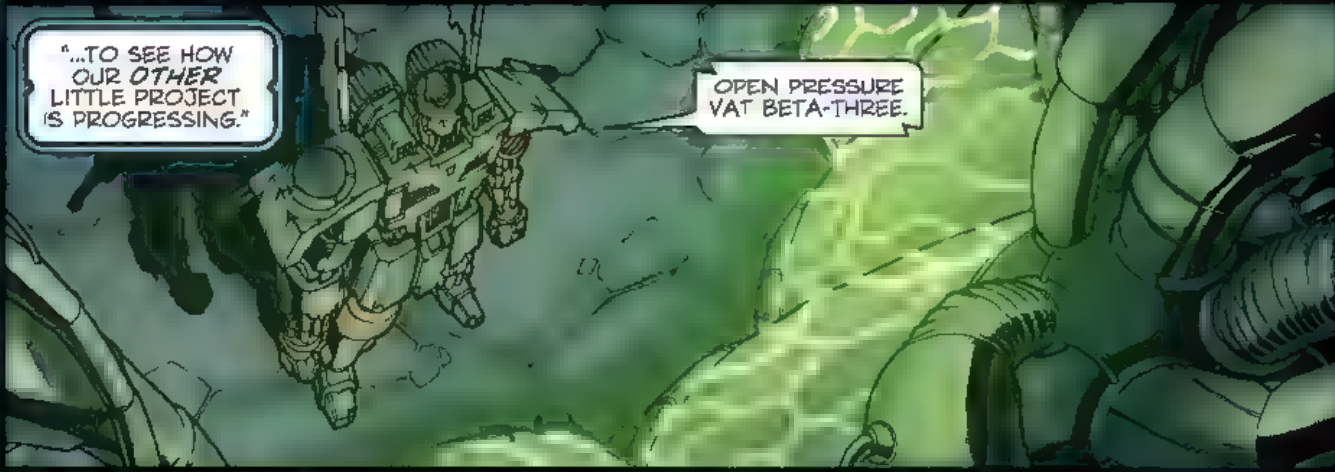
IGUANUS...

...ENGAGE THE
AUTO-DRIVER.

RIGHT 'YARE,
BLUDGEON.
DONE...

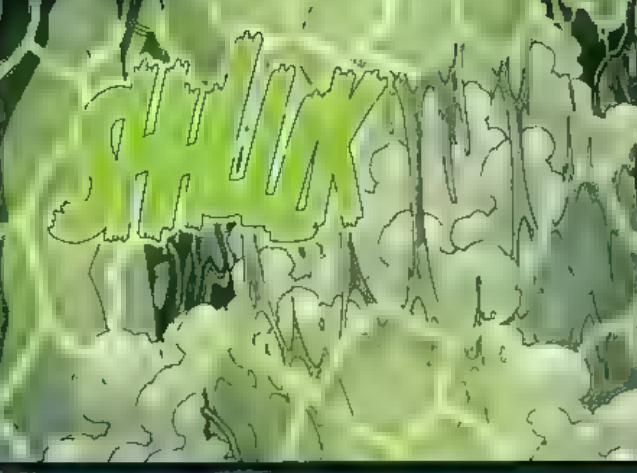
GOOD. OUR LITTLE
WEAPON OF MASS
DESTRUCTION KNOWS
WHAT'S EXPECTED
OF IT BY NOW.

AND I AM
ANXIOUS...




"...TO SEE HOW
OUR **OTHER**
LITTLE PROJECT
IS PROGRESSING."

OPEN PRESSURE
VAT BETA-THREE.



POOR THUNDERWING. HIS
BIO-CYBERNETIC GRAFTING
PROCESS WAS A TRULY
STAGGERING INNOVATION,
BUT, ALAS, UNTESTED.
INSTEAD OF PROTECTING
HIM, THE SHELL'S
SYMBIOTIC **FUSION**
PROCESS DROVE HIM **MAD**,
DESTROYED HIS MIND

WE, ON THE OTHER
HAND, HAVE THE
BENEFIT OF MORE
MEASURED
RESEARCH, SOME
TRIAL AND ERROR.



IN THE FULLNESS
OF TIME, WE WILL **ALL**
HAVE UNLIMITED POWER,
INVULNERABILITY...

...AND THE **WIT**
TO USE THEM!

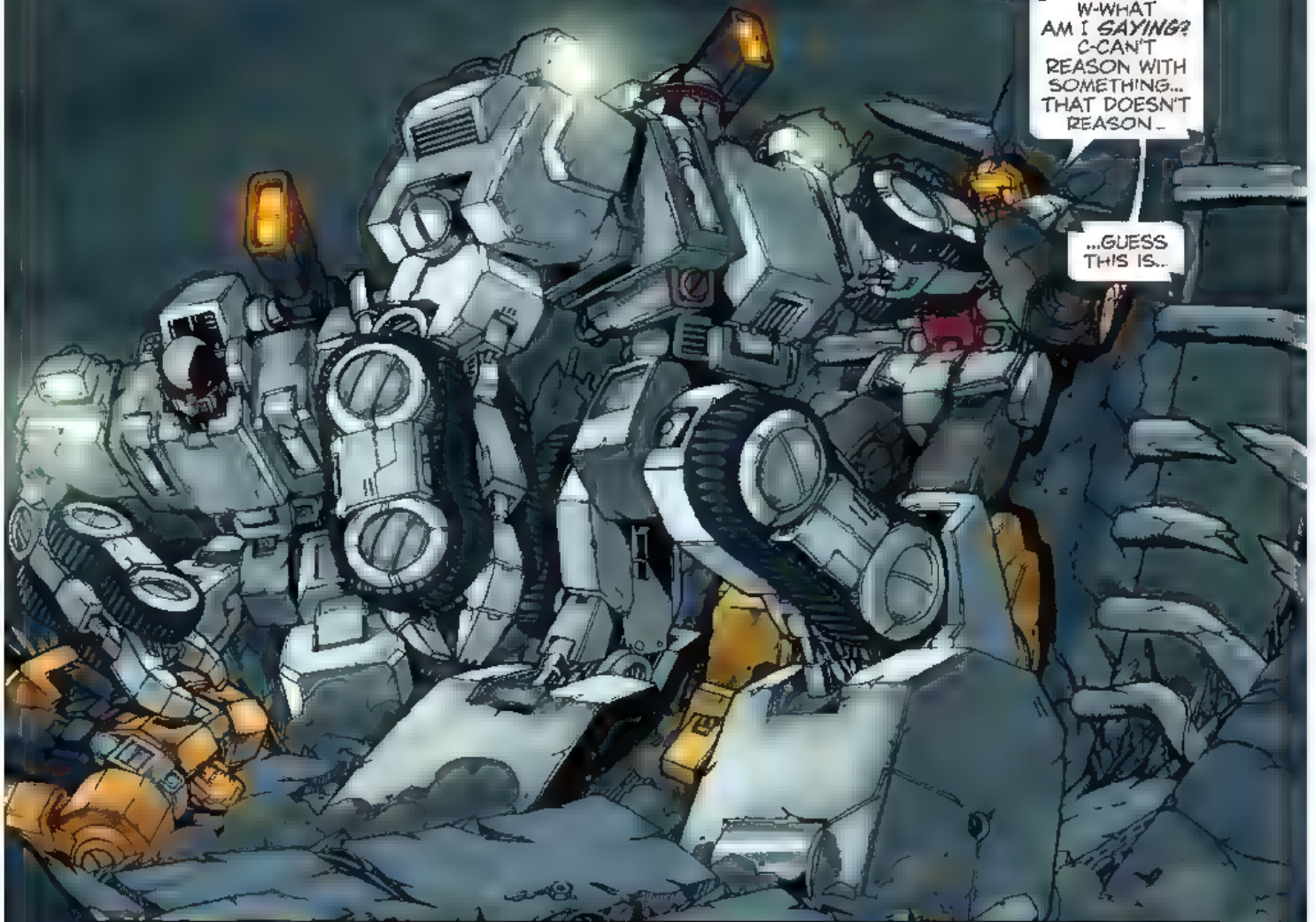
CYBERTRON
(FORMER CITY-STATE
OF NOVA CRONUM)

GH-HH!

DON'T! D-

W-WHAT
AM I SAYING?
C-CAN'T
REASON WITH
SOMETHING...
THAT DOESN'T
REASON...

...GUESS
THIS IS...

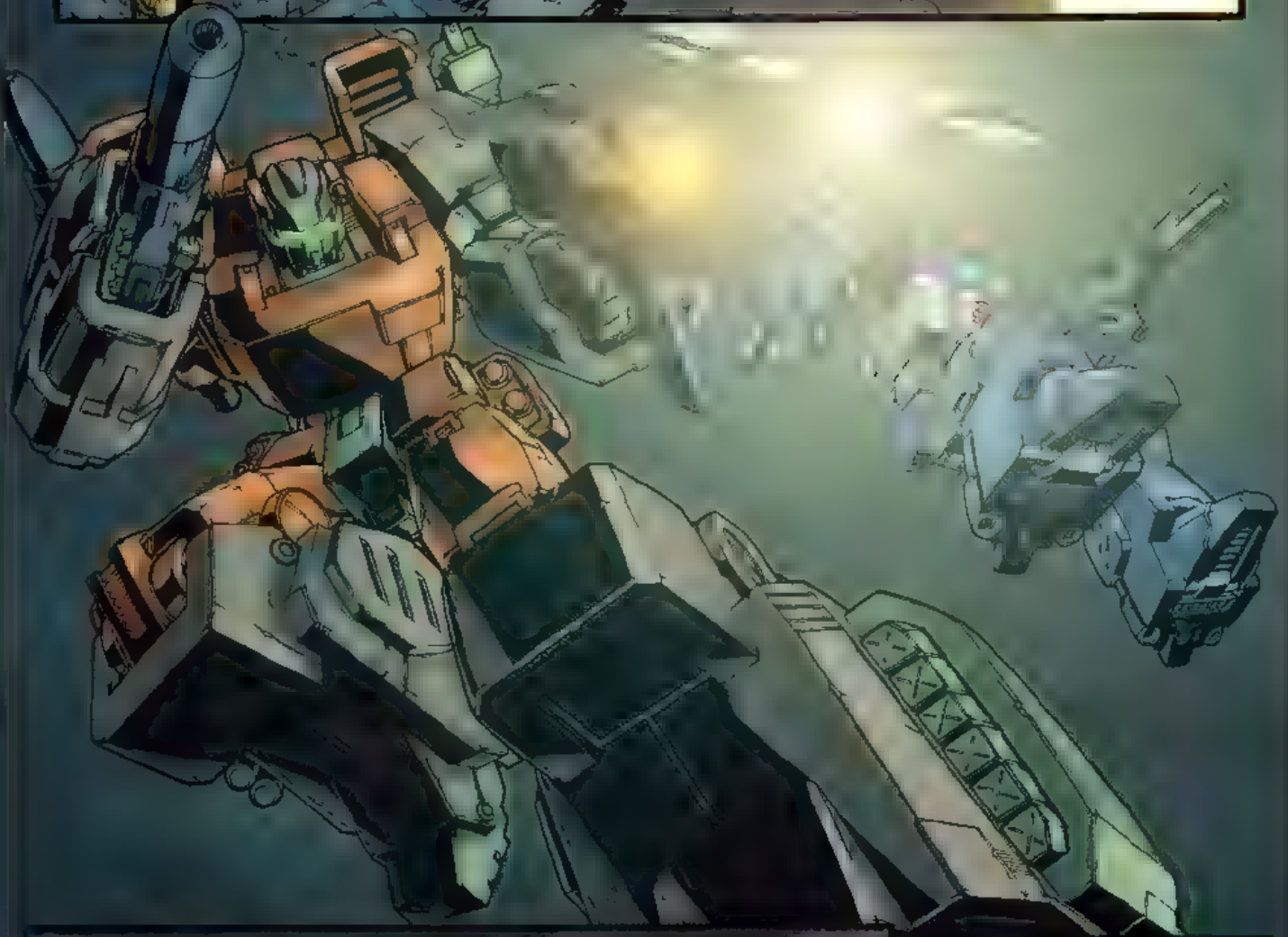
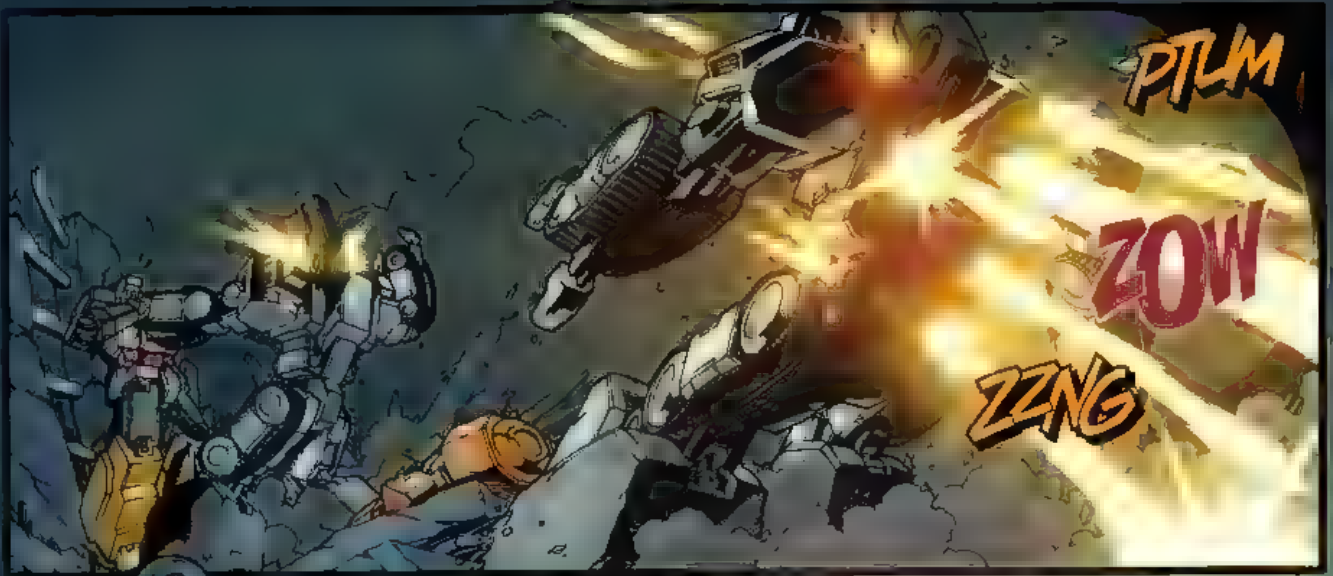


...HIT...



HH-?





HOSTILES
ARE DOWN.

TOPSPIN—
STATUS?

LIFE'S GNS
ARE ERRATIC,
ROADBUSTER.
WE'LL NEED TO
STABILIZE.

NOT HERE
AREA'S TOO
HOT. WHIRL—
PREPARE FOR
EMERGENCY
EVAC.

SET...

F=



NOSECONE?

NOSECONE!

WH-~~UH~~?
TOP... SPIN?
TH—

—THEN... OUR
MESSAGE GOT
THROUGH?

BIG TIME!

MADE
EVERYONE
SIT UP AND PAY
ATTENTION, I
CAN TELL YOU!

SO-SO
I SEE...

AFTERBURNER?




TOOK A BIGGER
HIT OF COSMIC
RADIATION THAN
YOU DID—HE'LL BE
OUT FOR A WHILE
LONGER. LUCKY
WE ARRIVED
WHEN WE DID...

...WHOEVER
REBOOTED THOSE
OLD CENTURION
DRONES WASN'T
TAKING PRISONERS.



WHERE...
ARE WE?



OLD BORDER
FORTIFICATION EAST
OF THUNDERHEAD
PASS, SUB-LEVEL.
WE'RE GOING IN!

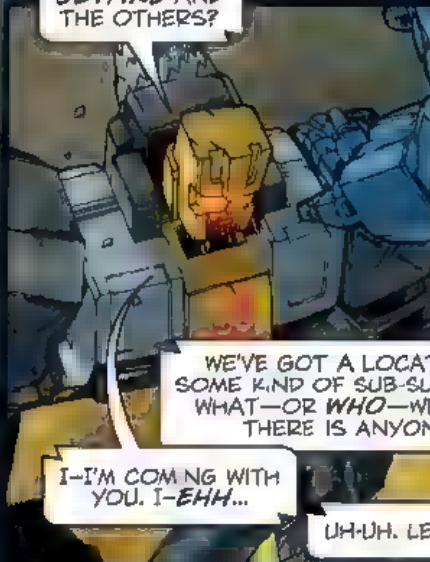


JUST ANOTHER FEW
CYCLES, PRIME.

WE'RE COMING IN AT AN
OBLIQUE ANGLE, TO AVOID
THEIR SENSOR FILAMENTS.
TAKES LONGER, BUT WE'LL
BE RIGHT ON TOP OF THEM
BEFORE THEY KNOW IT!

UNDERSTOOD,
SPRINGER.
CARRY ON...

THEN YOU'VE
FOUND THEM,
JETFIRE AND
THE OTHERS?



WE'VE GOT A LOCATIONAL FIX ON
SOME KIND OF SUB-SURFACE COMPLEX.
WHAT—OR WHO—WE'LL FIND DOWN
THERE IS ANYONE'S GUESS.

I—I'M COMING WITH
YOU. I-EHH...

UH-UH. LEAVE THIS...



...TO THE
PROFESSIONALS.

NEBULOS:

WHOOOM

"SO, DARKWING—DO WE TRY AND STOP IT?"

OR MAYBE GIVE IT A HELPING HAND? I MEAN, ISN'T IT DOING WHAT WE WANT DONE ANYWAY...

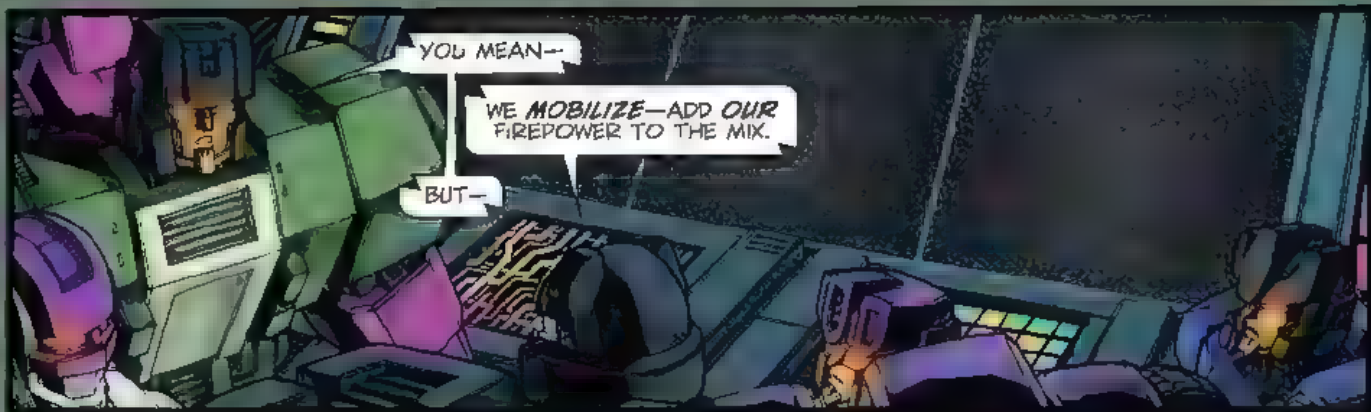
...ONLY A LOT QUICKER?

DEPENDS...

...IF IT KNOWS WHERE AND WHEN TO STOP.

TRUE. GLOBAL DEVASTATION IS PRETTY MUCH WHY WE'RE HERE, BUT WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE... WE STILL WANT *SOME* WORLD LEFT TO STRIP DOWN AND SHIP OUT.

THIS... *THING* PRACTICALLY DESTROYED CYBERTRON SINGLE-HANDED. I HAVE A FEELING WE'RE AS MUCH AN *ENDANGERED SPECIES* AS THE NEBULANS!



YOU MEAN--

WE MOBILIZE--ADD OUR
FIREPOWER TO THE MIX.

BUT--



PERHAPS,
SKULLCRUNCHER, YOU'D
LIKE TO BE THE ONE TO
TELL MEGATRON HOW WE
LOST NEBULOS.

ER. NO.

NO. *SO*... MOVE OUT! HIT
THIS THING WITH
EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT!

YEAH!

NOT SO FAST,
THRUST--YOU'LL REMAIN
HERE, IN THE COMMAND
BUNKER. IF WE DON'T
MAKE IT, YOU KNOW
WHAT TO DO

RIGHT!

UH-HUH. LEAVE
NO TRACE.

...
LISTEN, DREADWIND,
THERE'S A FAIR CHANCE
THIS WON'T GO WELL.
WHEN IT DOESN'T, WHEN
IT LOOKS LIKE WE DID
EVERYTHING WE COULD,
YOU AND I...

...WE GET
THE HELL
OUT OF
HERE!

CYBERTRON.

SCOOP—WE'VE
REACHED THE
BUFFER ZONE.
LET SPRINGER
KNOW, HUH?

WILL DO.

SPRINGER—
WE'RE ABOUT
DONE TUNNELIN'.
YOU'RE UP.

BOLT TIME, TOO
WRECKERS—

—LET'S
GO COUNT
HEADS!

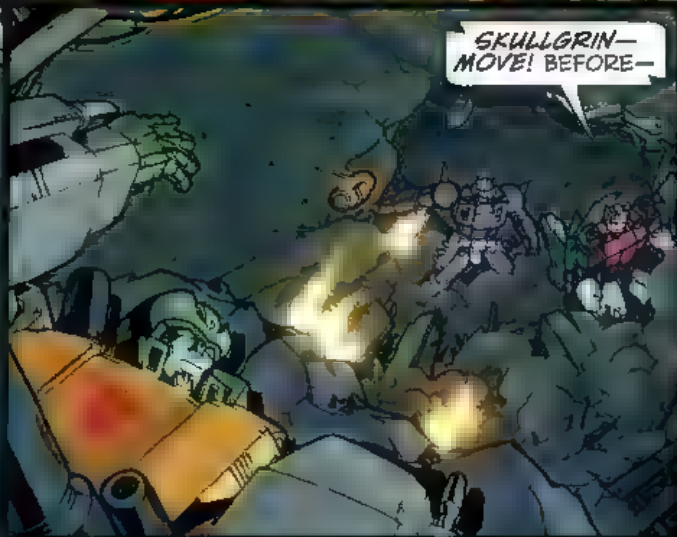
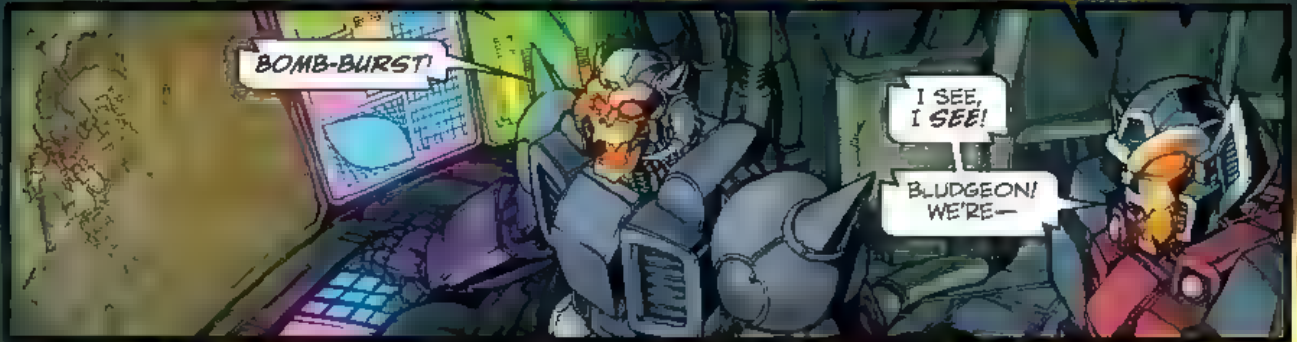
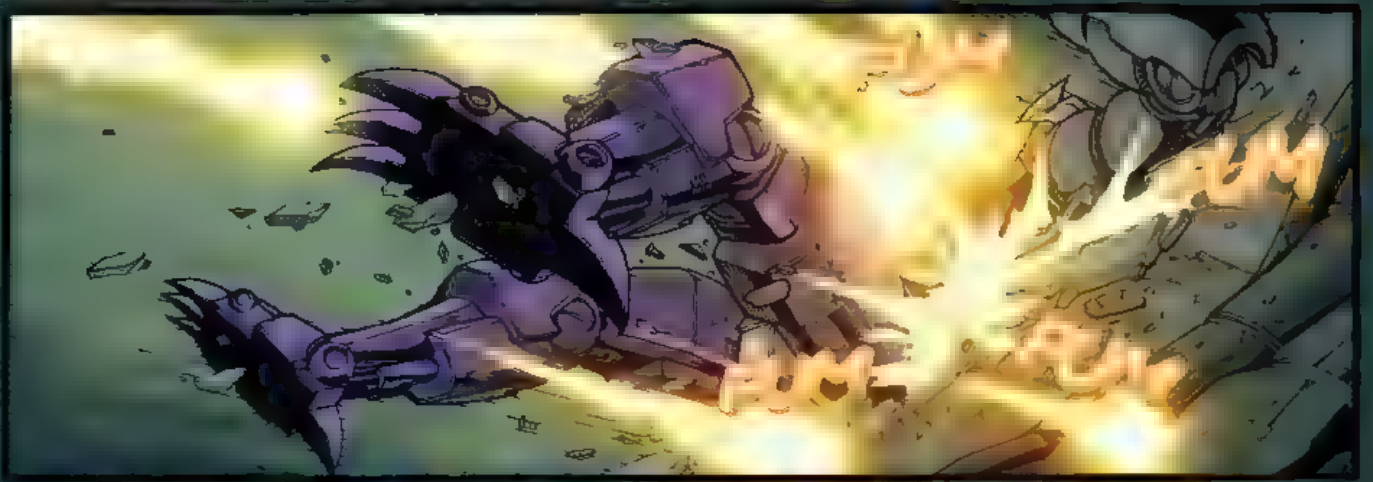
SUPPOSE THERE'S NO
POINT IN ASKING YOU
TO STAY UP HERE, OUT
OF THE FIRING LINE.

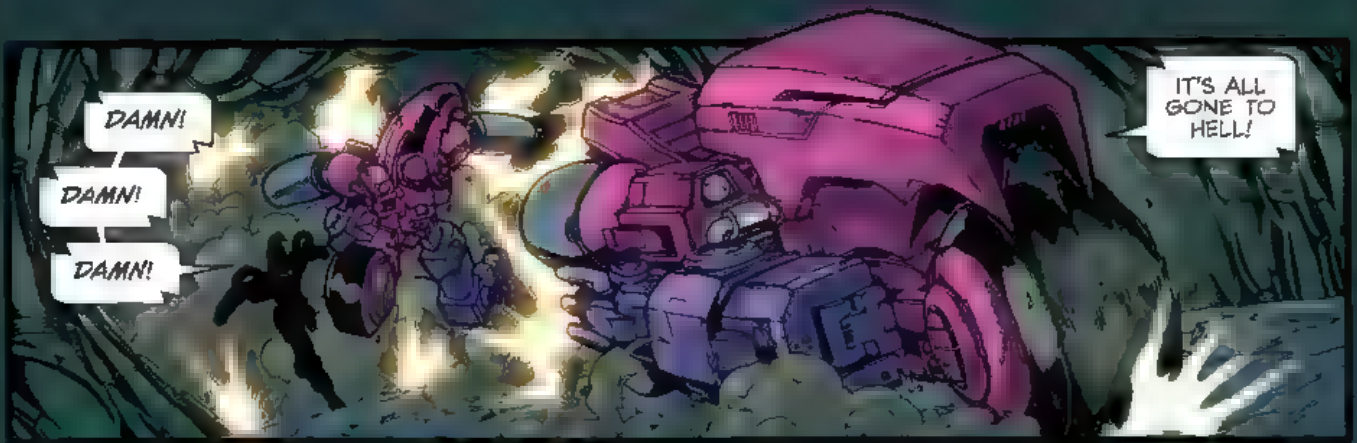
NO.



TAKE 'EM OUT,
WRECKERS, HARD
AND FAST. SAVE
THE I.D.'S...

...FOR
THE BODY
BAGS!





DAMN!

DAMN!

DAMN!

IT'S ALL
GONE TO
HELL!

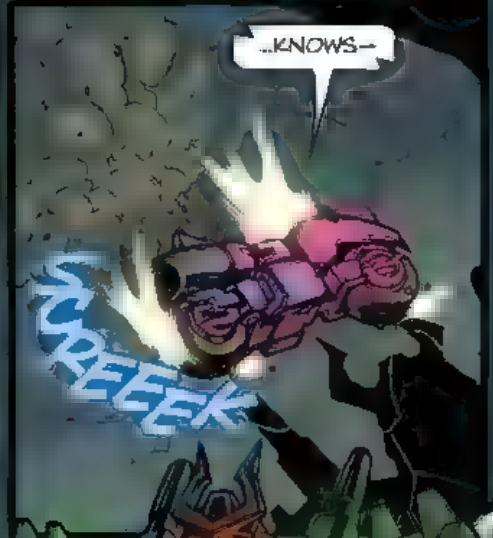


GOT TO GET
TO THE NEXUS.
BLUDGEON WILL
KNOW WHAT
TO DO.



THUD

BLUDGEON
ALWAYS...

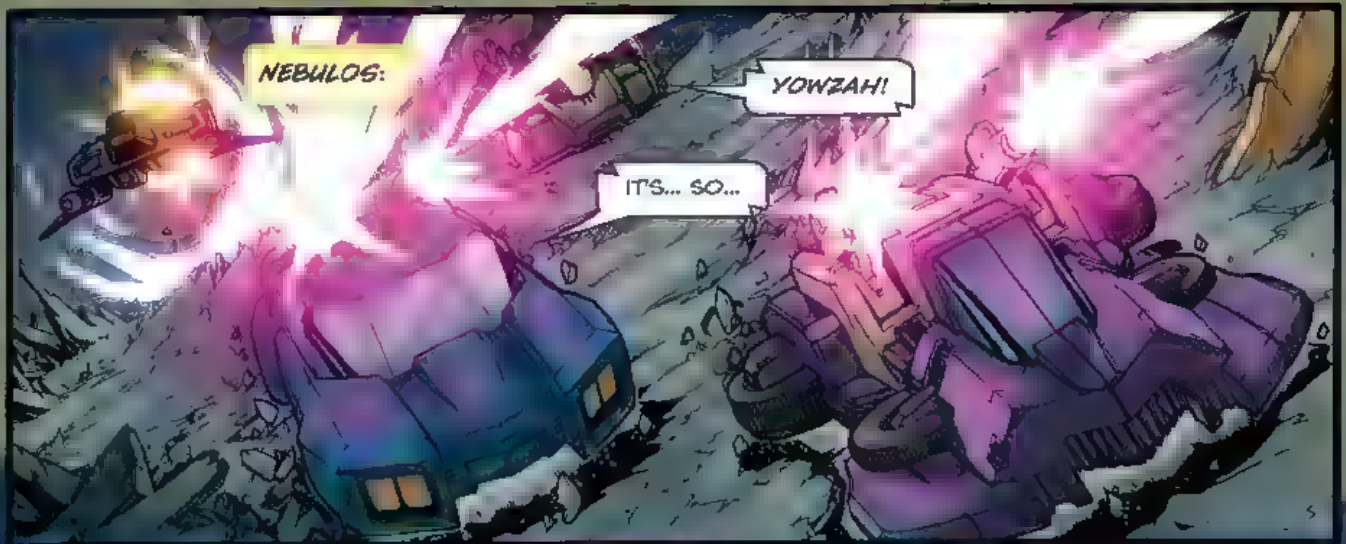


...KNOWS—

SCREEK



BH-BLUDGEON?



NEBULOS:

YOWZAH!

IT'S... SO...

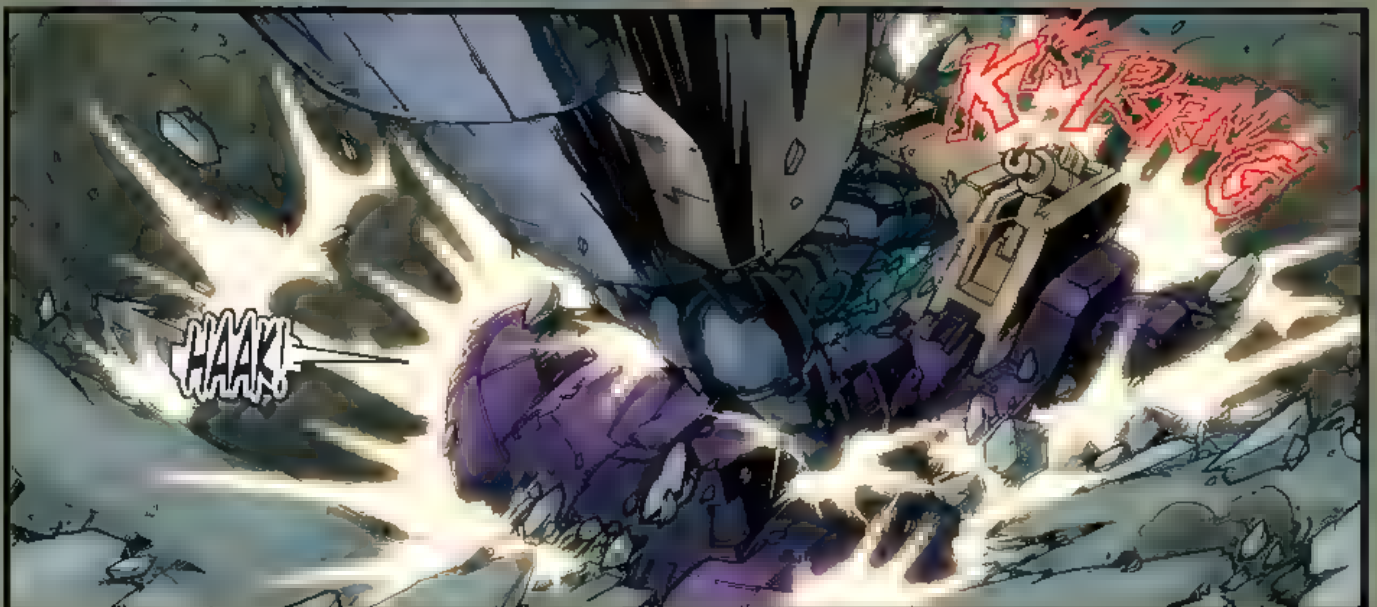
...BIG!

HIT IT WITH
EVERYTHING WE'VE
GOT, DARKWING SAID.
WELL... I AM! FOR
ALL THE GOOD IT'S
DOING.

I'M CRANKED UP
TO THE MAX, AND
IT BARELY SEEMS
TO HAVE...

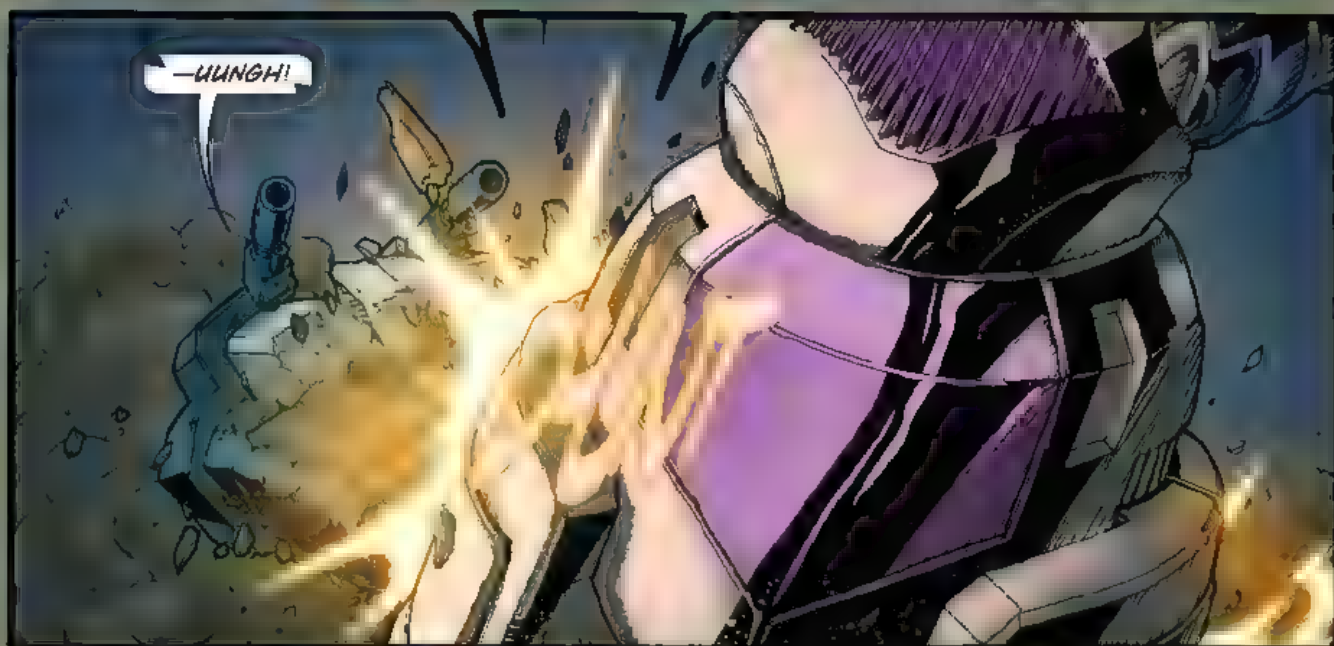
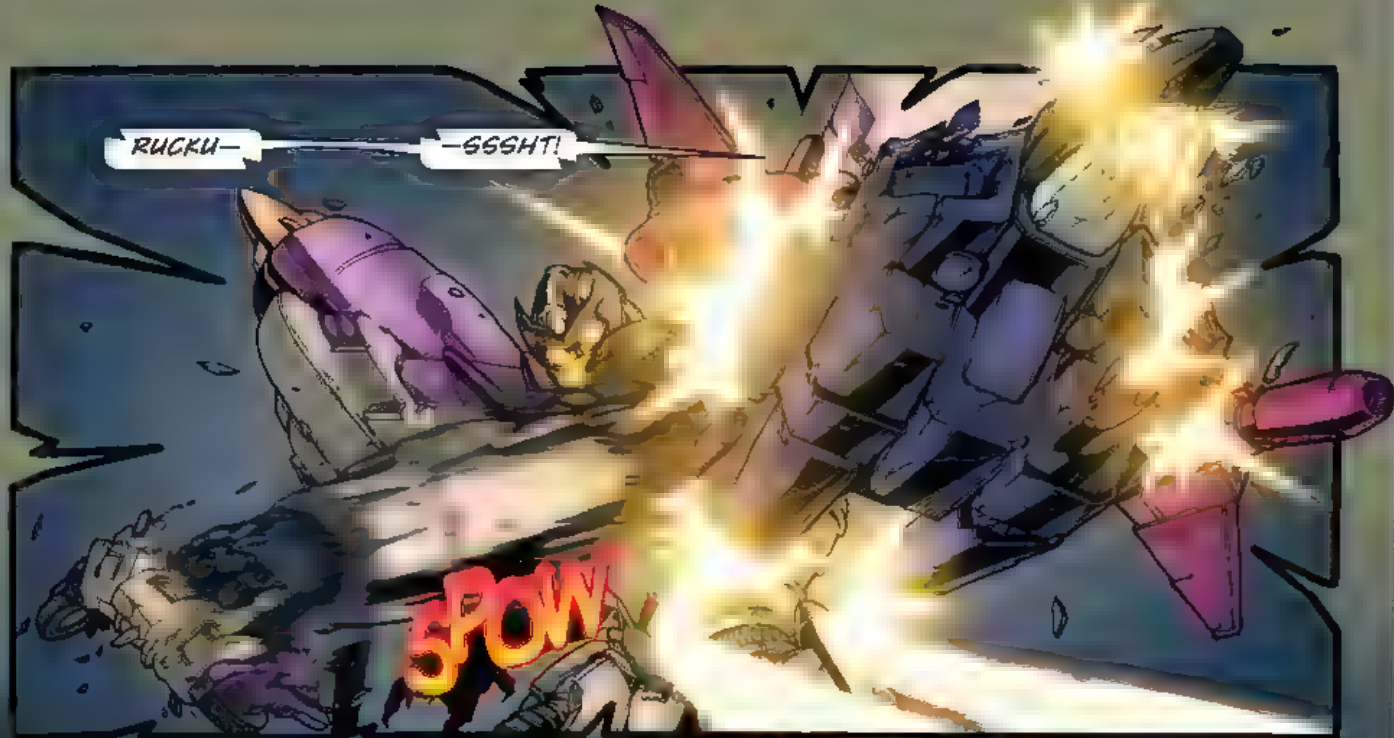


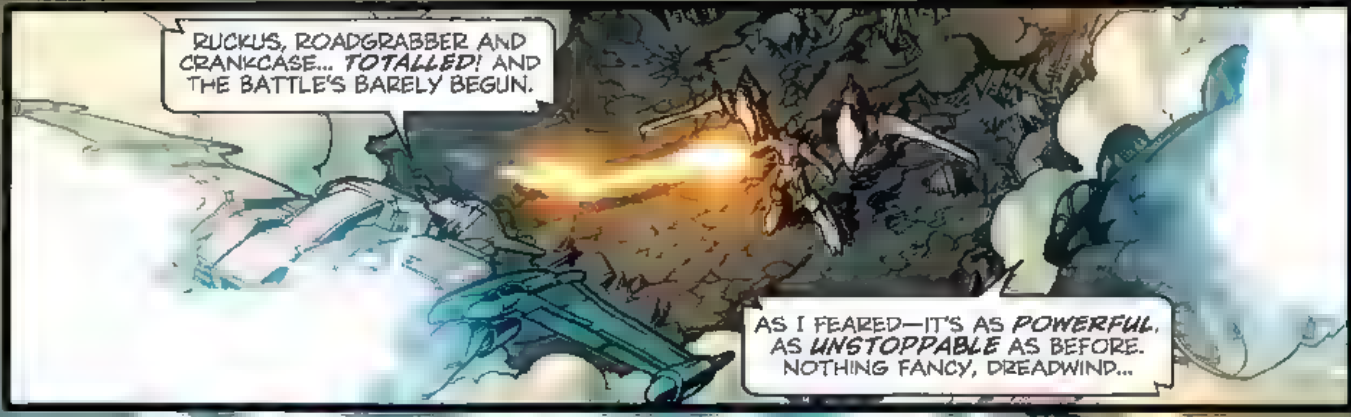
"...NOTICED US!"



HAA!


KAT!





RUCKUS, ROADGRABBER AND CRANKCASE... **TOTALLED!** AND THE BATTLE'S BARELY BEGUN.

AS I FEARED—IT'S AS **POWERFUL**, AS **UNSTOPPABLE** AS BEFORE. NOTHING FANCY, DREADWIND...



JUST HIT...

...AND RUN!

BADOOOM

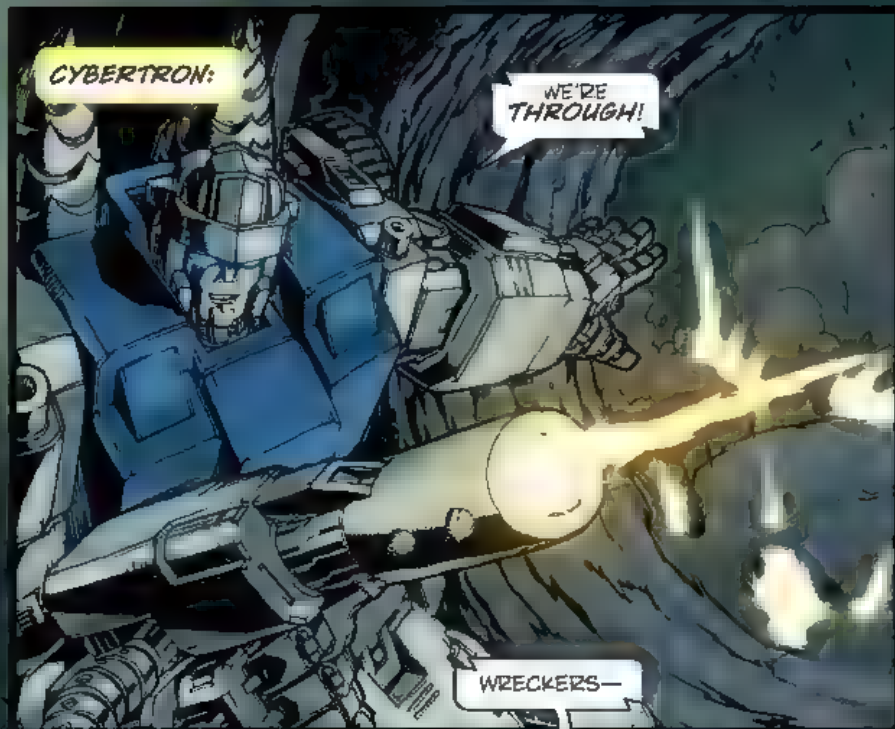


DARKWING—WHAT'S IT DOING?

IT'S **IONIZING** THE ATMOSPHERE. NAVIGATION'S DOWN, TACTICAL'S DOWN. THAT'S IT, DREADWIND...



...WE PICK UP
THRUST AND
CALL THIS IN!

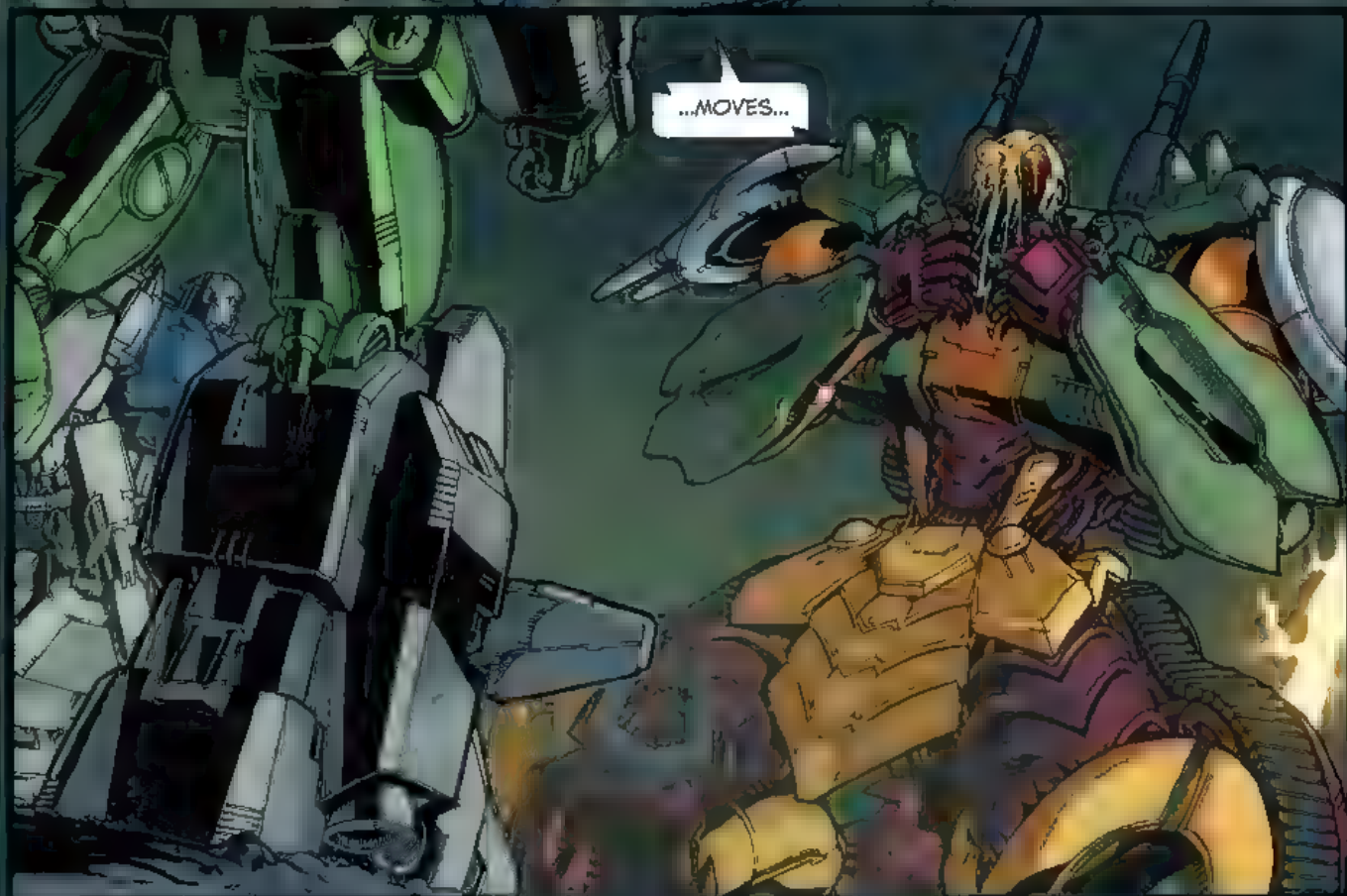


CYBERTRON:

WE'RE
THROUGH!

WRECKERS—

—SHOOT
ANYTHING
THAT..



...MOVES...



WHAT THE FRAG—?

WAS...

...TOO SOON...

TOO—?
POLYDERMAL
GRAFTING
THUNDERWING'S
OUTLAWED
EXPERIMENTS...

Y-YES... KKH... THE
EXO-SHELL HADN'T
BEEN NEURO-ALIGNED.
PSYCHIC BACKLASH,
BLUDGEON'S MIND...



...COULDN'T...

LOCKED IN A
PRISON OF HIS
OWN MAKING.
ONE CAN'T HELP
BUT FEEL...



...HE GOT
OFF LIGHTLY.

JETFIRE?

PRIME—SHUT IT
DOWN! THE AXIS
CRADLE... SHUT IT
DOWN NOW!

AXIS
CRADLE?



THAT...



OH, WELL...

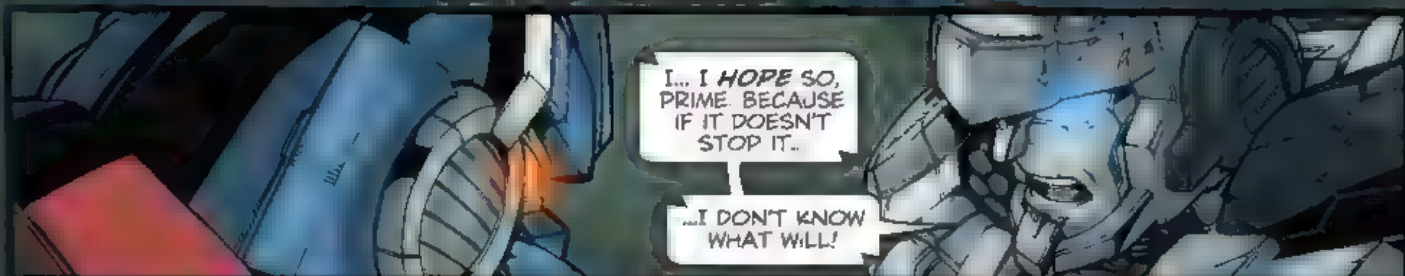
...WHY DIDN'T
YOU JUST
SAY?

VUUM

THEY LET IT OUT.
THOSE BLINKERED,
DERANGED MANIACS,
THEY LET IT...

UHH...

EASY, EASY.
WILL THAT BE
ENOUGH,
JET? RE, TO
END THIS?



I... I HOPE SO,
PRIME BECAUSE
IF IT DOESN'T
STOP IT...

...I DON'T KNOW
WHAT WILL!



EARTH:

THAT'S WHAT
DARKWING SAID—
THUNDERWING.
NOW THAT IS A
NAME I NEVER
WANTED TO HEAR
AGAIN!

INDEED.

LET ME BE VERY
CLEAR ON THIS,
RAZORCLAW. YOU
WILL TAKE
WHATEVER STEPS
ARE NECESSARY TO
CURTAIL THIS...
SECOND COMING. IF
ENTIRE WORLDS
MUST BURN, THEN
SO BE IT.

INCLUDING
CYBERTRON?

YES.

ESPECIALLY
CYBERTRON.

CYBERTRON:

ANYTHING?

LOTS. IT'S TRYING TO
DECIDE WHAT'S RELEVANT
AND WHAT'S NOT.

FOR INSTANCE,
THERE'S A WHOLE
SUB-FILE ON
SOMETHING CALLED
"ULTRA-ENERGON."
IT'S WHAT
BLUDGEON USED
TO—

WHAT IS THAT?
BROADSIDE?

SOME KIND
OF ORBITAL
PERIMETER
ALARM. IT'S
PRESUMABLY
HOW THEY
PICKED UP THE
CALIBI-YAU.

DECEPTICONS?

THUNDERWING



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STORMBRINGER



The Transformers: Stormbringer #4

Though **BLUDGEON** and his rogue cult of **DECEPTICONS** have been defeated, the newly re-energized **THUNDERWING** remains active, returning from his devastating rampage on **NEBULOS** with **CYBERTRON** locked firmly in his sights once more. There, **OPTIMUS PRIME** and the **WRECKERS** brace for impact, unaware that **MEGATRON** has his own doomsday scenario in the works, and the clock is running.



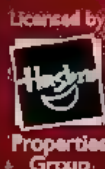
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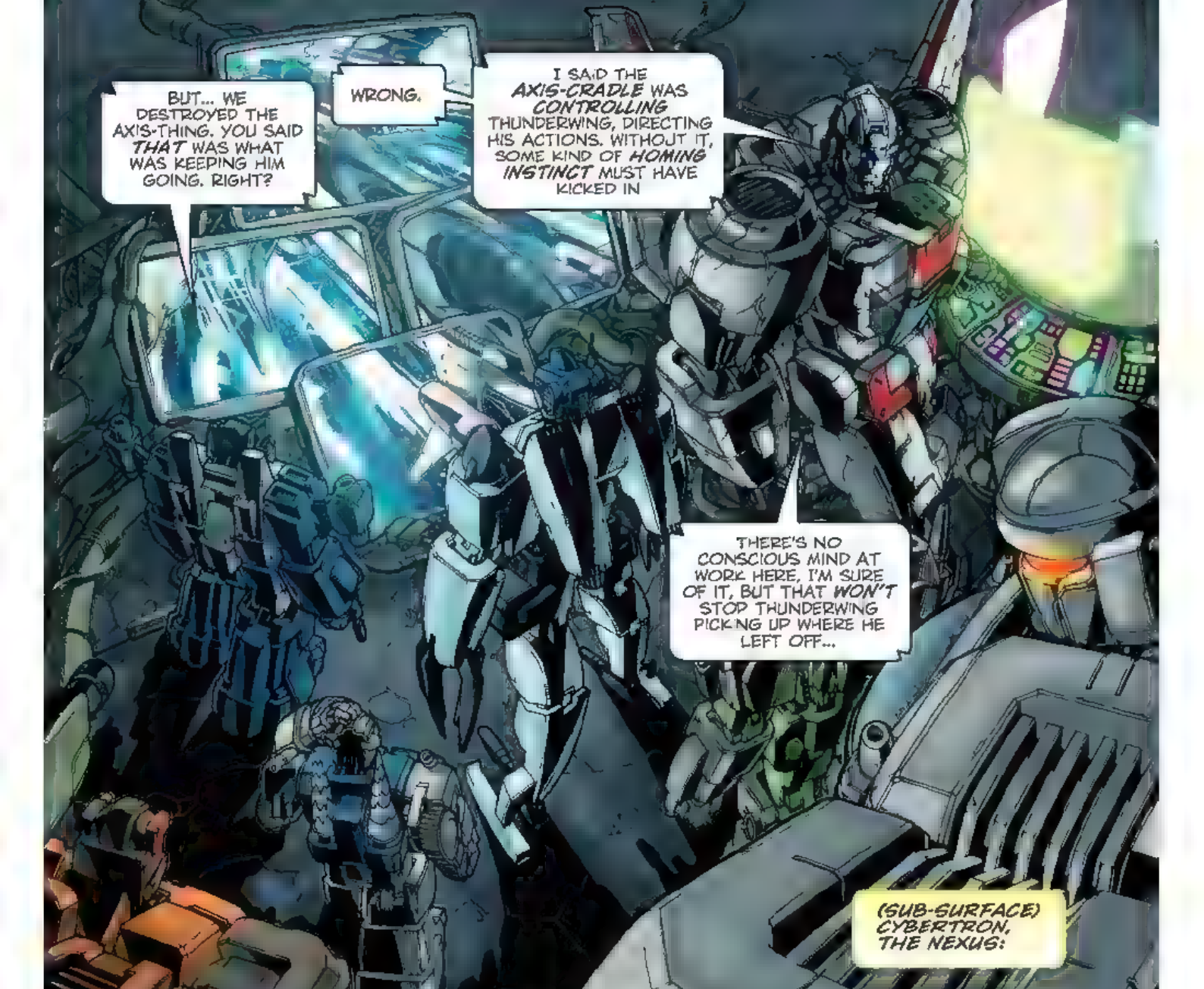
THIS IS HOW
IT *ENDS*.

IN THUNDER AND SPITTING
LIGHTNING, IN A STORM-LASHED
ONSLAUGHT—OUR PAST
TRANSGRESSIONS AND
BLINKERED INEQUITIES
REVISITED IN PURGING FIRE
AND ROARING FURY.

FATE-CRUSHING,
NEXORABLE CANNOT,
WILL *NOT...*

..BE HELD AT BAY
INDEFINITELY!

"IT'S
THUNDERWING...
HE'S COMING
BACK!"



BUT... WE
DESTROYED THE
AXIS-THING. YOU SAID
THAT WAS WHAT
WAS KEEPING HIM
GOING. RIGHT?

WRONG.

I SAID THE
AXIS-CRADLE WAS
CONTROLLING
THUNDERWING, DIRECTING
HIS ACTIONS. WITHOUT IT,
SOME KIND OF *HOMING*
INSTINCT MUST HAVE
KICKED IN

THERE'S NO
CONSCIOUS MIND AT
WORK HERE, I'M SURE
OF IT, BUT THAT *WON'T*
STOP THUNDERWING
PICKING UP WHERE HE
LEFT OFF...

(SUB-SURFACE)
CYBERTRON,
THE NEXUS:



SPRINGER?

THE WRECKERS
STAND READY, PRIME,
BUT FRANKLY THE
COMB-INED FIREPOWER OF
TWO WHOLE ARMIES
COLDN'T STOP IT LAST
TIME, AND CONDITIONS
TOPSIDE AREN'T EXACTLY
HOSPITABLE!

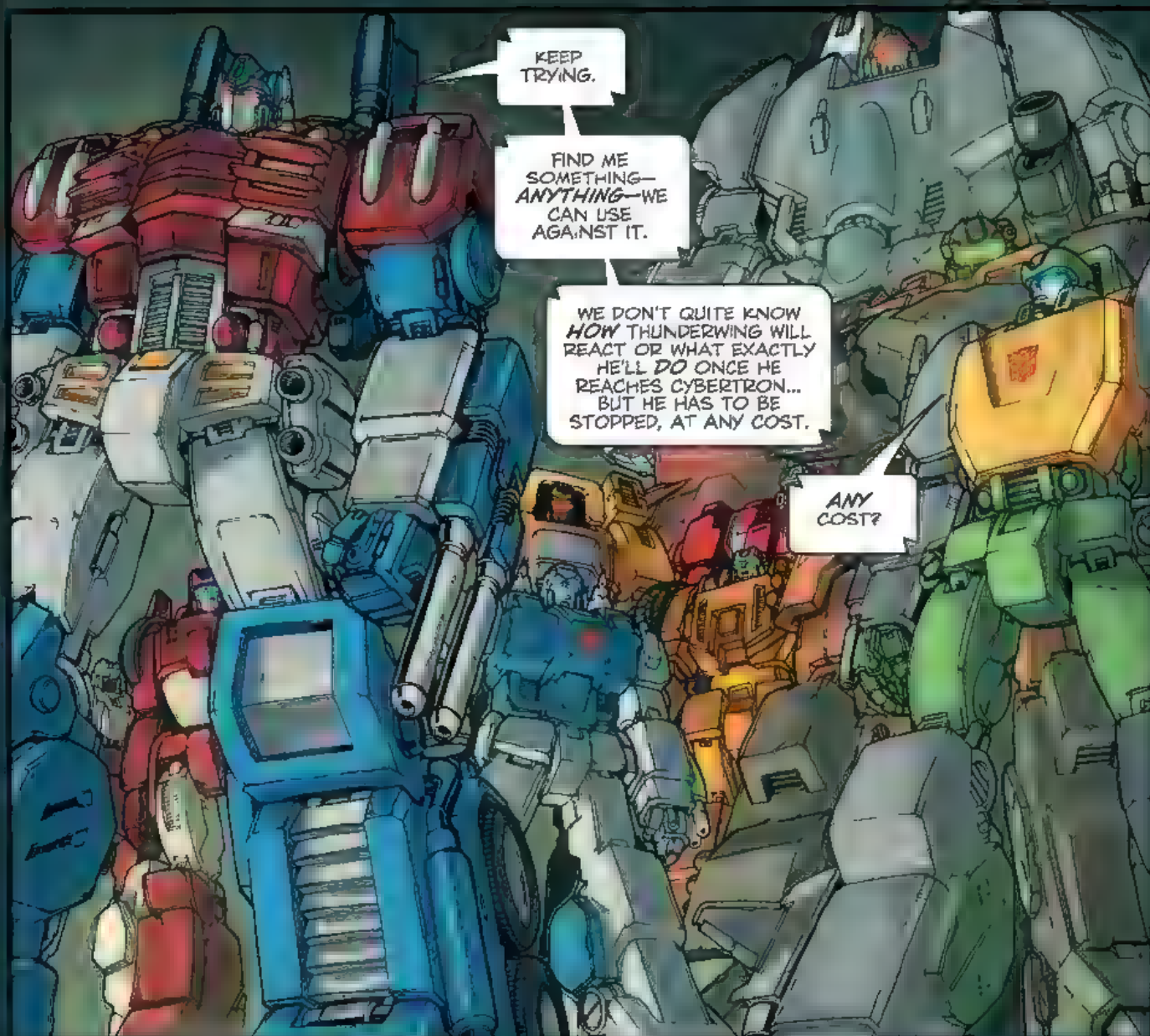
THUNDERWING'S
GOT NATURAL
PROTECTION...
WE HAVEN'T.



JETFIRE?

BLUDGEON
USED SOMETHING HE
DUBBED *ULTRA-ENERGON*
TO RE-EMPOWER
THUNDERWING. IT'S WHAT WE
DETECTED FROM ORBIT.

I'M TRYING TO
DECRYPT HIS
FILES, BUT IT'S
SLOW GOING.

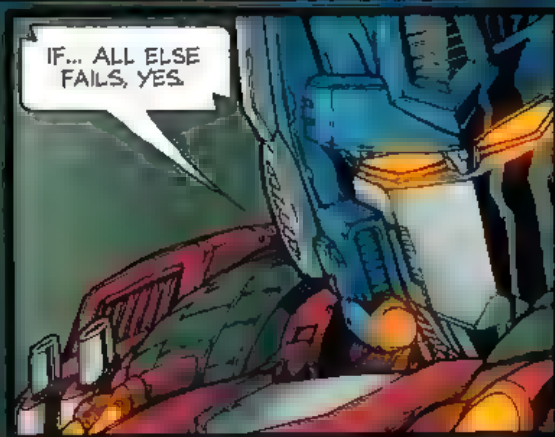


KEEP TRYING.

FIND ME SOMETHING—
ANYTHING—WE
CAN USE
AGAINST IT.

WE DON'T QUITE KNOW
HOW THUNDERWING WILL
REACT OR WHAT EXACTLY
HE'LL *DO* ONCE HE
REACHES CYBERTRON...
BUT HE HAS TO BE
STOPPED, AT ANY COST.

ANY
COST?

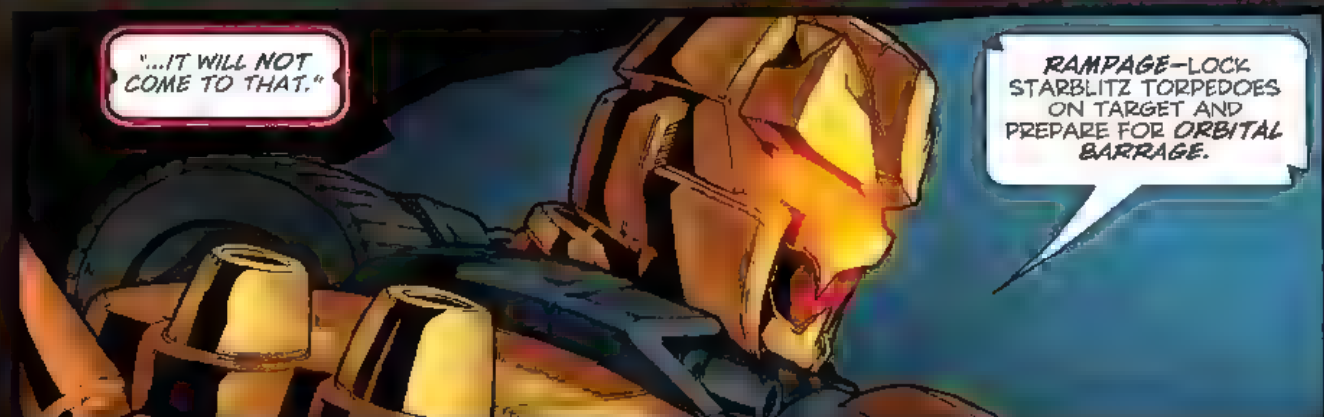


IF... ALL ELSE
FAILS, YES.



WHOA, HANG ON.
YOU'RE TALKING
ABOUT *SACRIFICING*
CYBERTRON TSELF...
AFTER ALL WE'VE
BEEEN THROUGH TO
PRESERVE IT?

I PRAY,
JETFIRE...



"...IT WILL NOT
COME TO THAT."

RAMPAGE—LOCK
STARBLITZ TORPEDOES
ON TARGET AND
PREPARE FOR *ORBITAL*
BARRAGE.



DECEPTICON WARSHIP
THANATOS:

GIVE IT... ONE
MEGA-CYCLE. CALL ME
SENTIMENTAL, BUT
REDUCING CYBERTRON
TO A CINDER REMAINS
A *LAST RESORT*.


I'M ALL FOR
PAN-GALACTIC
COLONIZATION, BUT,
LET'S FACE IT,
THERE'S *NO PLACE*
LIKE HOME.

TIMEFRAME,
RAZORCLAW?



DONE.

ABOUT
THRESHOLD
AT FIFTY-FIVE
CYCLES.



FINE BOTTOM LINE,
THOUGH, IF IT COMES
DOWN TO A CHOICE
BETWEEN BLITZING
CYBERTRON AND
DISOBEYING A DIRECT
ORDER FROM
MEGATRON... THE
PLANET IS *TOAST*.

AH...



...HERE HE
COMES!



CYBERTRON
IS DYING...

WE CAN ONLY FIND
WAYS TO WEATHER
THE COLLAPSE AND
DO WHAT WE CAN
TO SURVIVE.

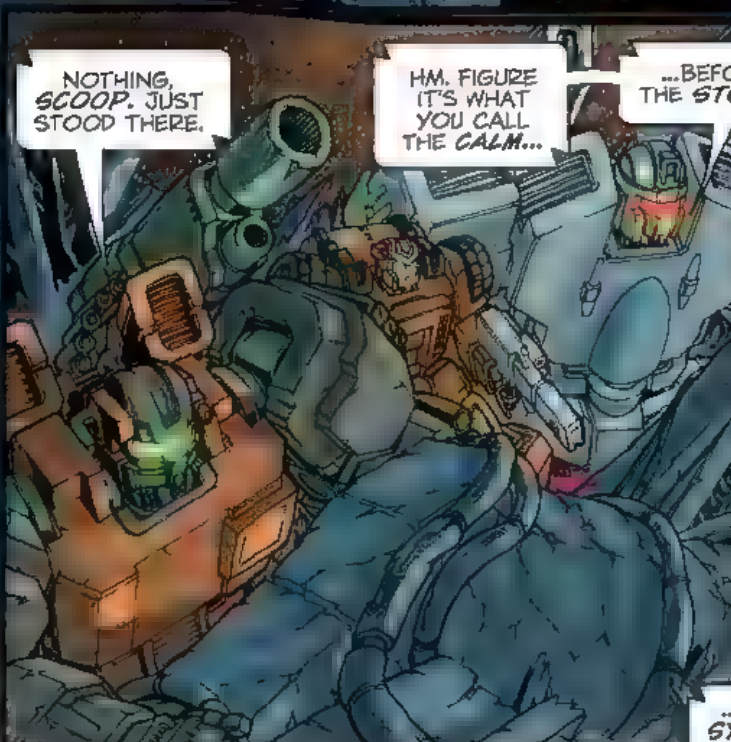
EITHER
FOLLOW MY
LEAD... OR D'E
IN SCREAMING
TORMENT

THUNDERWING?!
WHAT HAVE YOU
DONE?

WHAT
HAVE YOU
DONE?



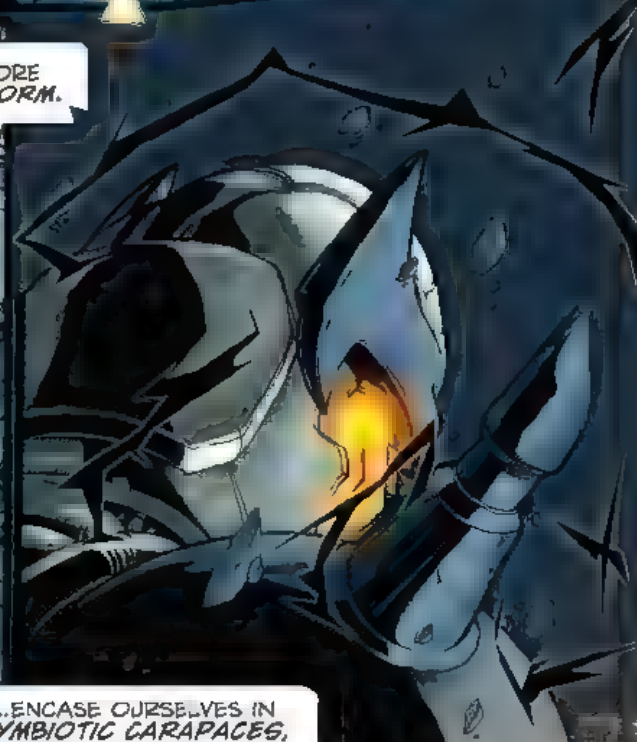
WHAT'S HE
DOING?



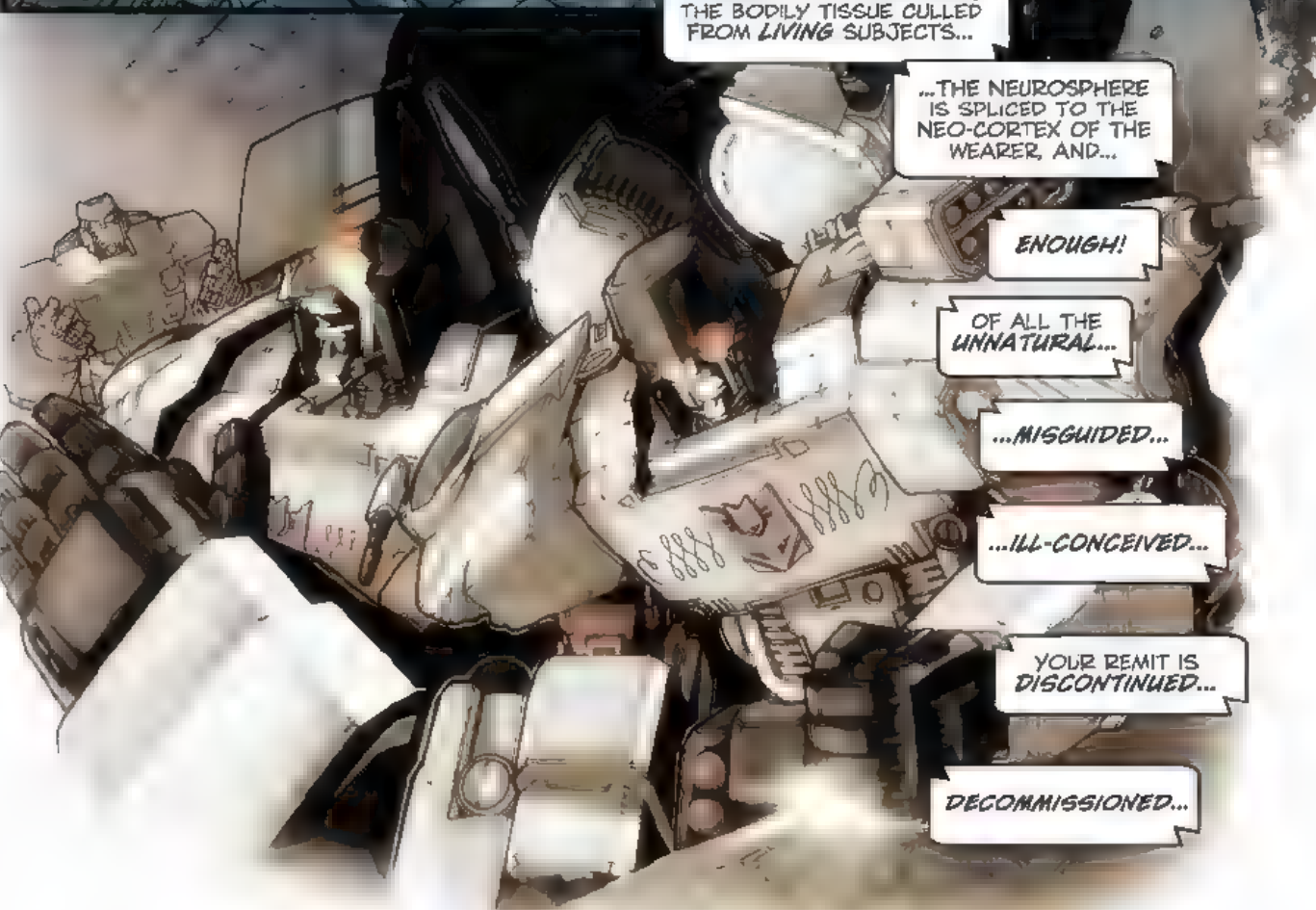
NOTHING,
SCOOP. JUST
STOOD THERE.

HM. FIGURE
IT'S WHAT
YOU CALL
THE CALM...

...BEFORE
THE STORM.



...ENCASE OURSELVES IN
SYMBIOTIC CARAPACES,
THE BODILY TISSUE CULLED
FROM LIVING SUBJECTS...



...THE NEUROSHERE
IS SPLICED TO THE
NEO-CORTEX OF THE
WEARER, AND...

ENOUGH!

OF ALL THE
UNNATURAL...

...MISGUIDED...

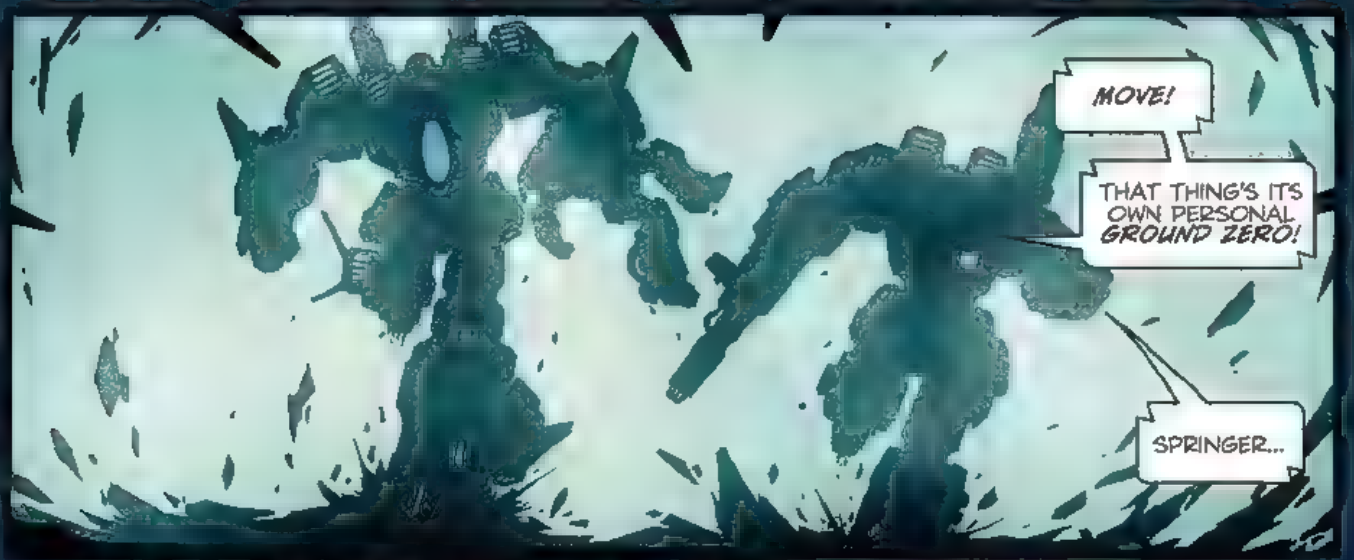
...ILL-CONCEIVED...

YOUR REMIT IS
DISCONTINUED...

DECOMMISSIONED...

DEFUNCT

SKA-RAAAA-K!



MOVE!

THAT THING'S ITS
OWN PERSONAL
GROUND ZERO!

SPRINGER...

...IT'S ALL
KICKING OFF
DOWN HERE!

NO
KIDDING.

AND, WHAT'S
MORE...

"...IT'S
MOBILE."

DISENGAGE
ALL SAFETY
INTERLOCKS...

...AND
BLOW IT BACK
TO THE PIT IT
CRAWLED OUT
OF!



WHEN THEY ASK ME,
"TOPSPIN, WHY'D
YOU GO ONE-ON-ONE
WITH THUNDERWING?"
I'LL SAY...



...BECAUSE IT
WAS THERE.

VRAK!

VOW!



DUMM!

ONE THING ABOUT
YOU, TOPSPIN—YOU'LL
NEVER GO QUIETLY.
ME, I ALSO LIKE TO
MAKE MY POINT...

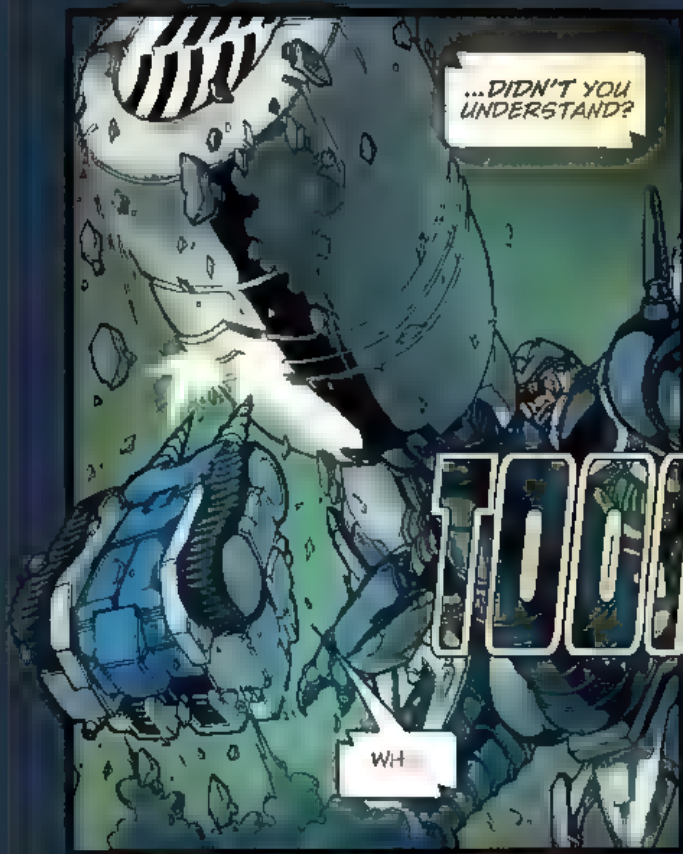
...BUT A
TOUCH MORE
DIRECTLY!



ZLZK!



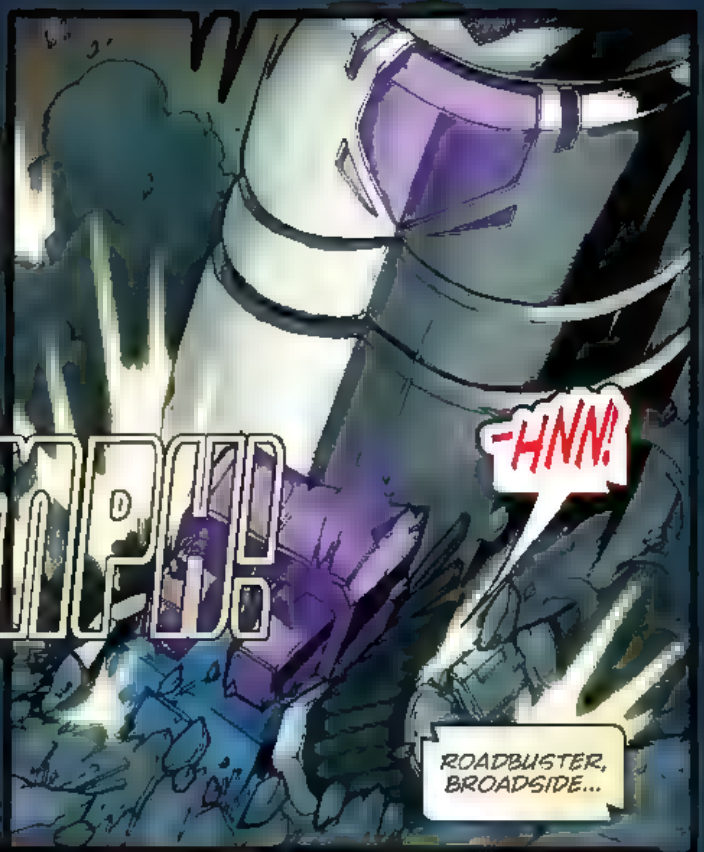
TWIN TWIST,
NO, DAMMIT!
WHAT BIT OF
HIT AND RUN...



...DIDN'T YOU UNDERSTAND?

TOOMP!

WH



-HNN!

ROADBUSTER, BROADSIDE...

...GET HIS ATTENTION!

YEAH, RIGHT. HOO-HAH.

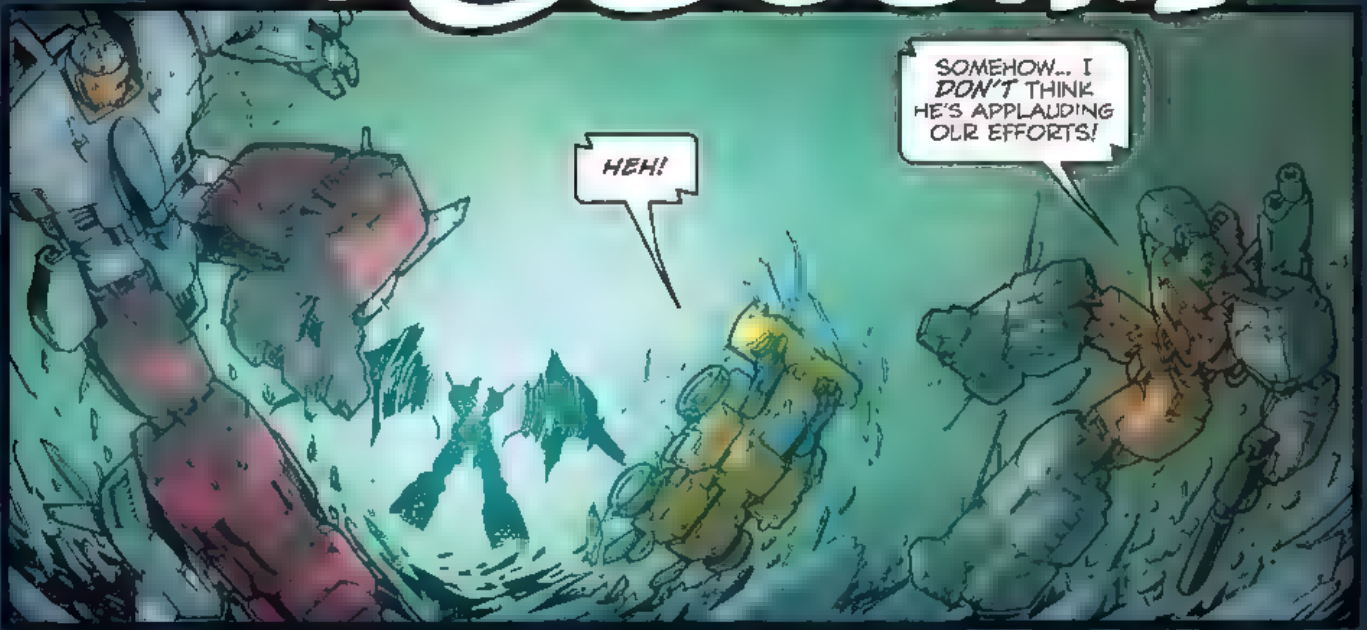


NEVER A DULL MOMENT WHEN YOU'RE A WRECKER.



SOMEHOW... I DON'T THINK HE'S APPLAUDING OUR EFFORTS!

HEH!



DECEPTICON WARSHIP
THANATOS:

THEY'RE
GIVING IT
THEIR ALL.

MM.

FOR ALL THE
GOOD IT'S
DOING THEM.

STILL... THEY ARE
WARRIORS *WORTHY*
OF OUR RESPECT
AND, PERHAPS,
OUR HELP.

TIME TO
ORBITAL
BARRAGE...

THIRTY-EIGHT
CYCLES.

...LEAVE THEM
ALL TO BURN.

VERY WELL.
DIVEBOMB—ORGANIZE
TWO ASSAULT TEAMS.
DO WHAT YOU CAN IN
THE TIME AVAILABLE. BUT
ONCE WE REACH THE
MAIN FIRING SEQUENCE
THRESHOLD...

...CAN'T HOLD IT! IT JUST
KEEPS COMING..

POINTBLANK...
GO... GO! BEFORE-

...FURTHER
TACTICAL
RESOURCES
CURRENTLY
UNAVAILABLE...

IT'S HAPPENING
AGAIN. WHATEVER
WE DO, WHATEVER
WE THROW AT IT, IT
ISN'T ENOUGH!

PRIME... I
MAY HAVE
SOMETHING.

YOU'VE
DECRYPTED
THE FILES?

FWUM!

NO. GAVE UP ON
THAT AND--WITH THE
TECHNOBOTS'
HELP--FOCUSED ON
ANALYZING THE POWER
SOURCE ITSELF.

THIS SO-CALLED
ULTRA-ENERGON
CONTAINS RADICALLY
UNSTABLE ELEMENTAL
MATTER. THE MORE
THUNDERWING DRAWS
UPON ITS FISSIONABLE
CORE, THE GREATER THE
OBSERVE CATALYTIC
REACTION

RIGHT. OF COURSE.
THE SOURCE IS
FEEDING UPON ITSELF.
IT'S REALLY ONLY
SUITABLE FOR SHORT,
INTENSE HITS.

IN PLAN
LANGUAGE,
PLEASE.

THE GREATER
THE EFFORT, THE
FASTER IT'S
CONSUMED.

THEREFORE...
WE NEED TO
ENGAGE! BIG
TIME!

WITH WHAT,
JETFIRE?

WITH
WHAT?!

IT'S CHARGING
THE ATMOSPHERE!
PERSONAL INTEGRITY
SHIELDS AT NINE
PERCENT...

MINE ARE DOWN!
MASSIVE INTERNAL
BUILD-UP OF COSMIC
RADIATION!

LIKEWISE!
WEAPONS ARE
OFF-LINE!

SPRINGER-PULL
BACK TO A SAFE
DISTANCE! WE'LL-

MICROWAVE
BURST!

THIS AREA'S
RIDDLED WITH
SLB-SURFACE
GAS POCKETS!
THEY'LL-

FWWWWW
WNNNN!

SLAG! THIS
IS GOING FROM
BAD TO...

...WORSE!

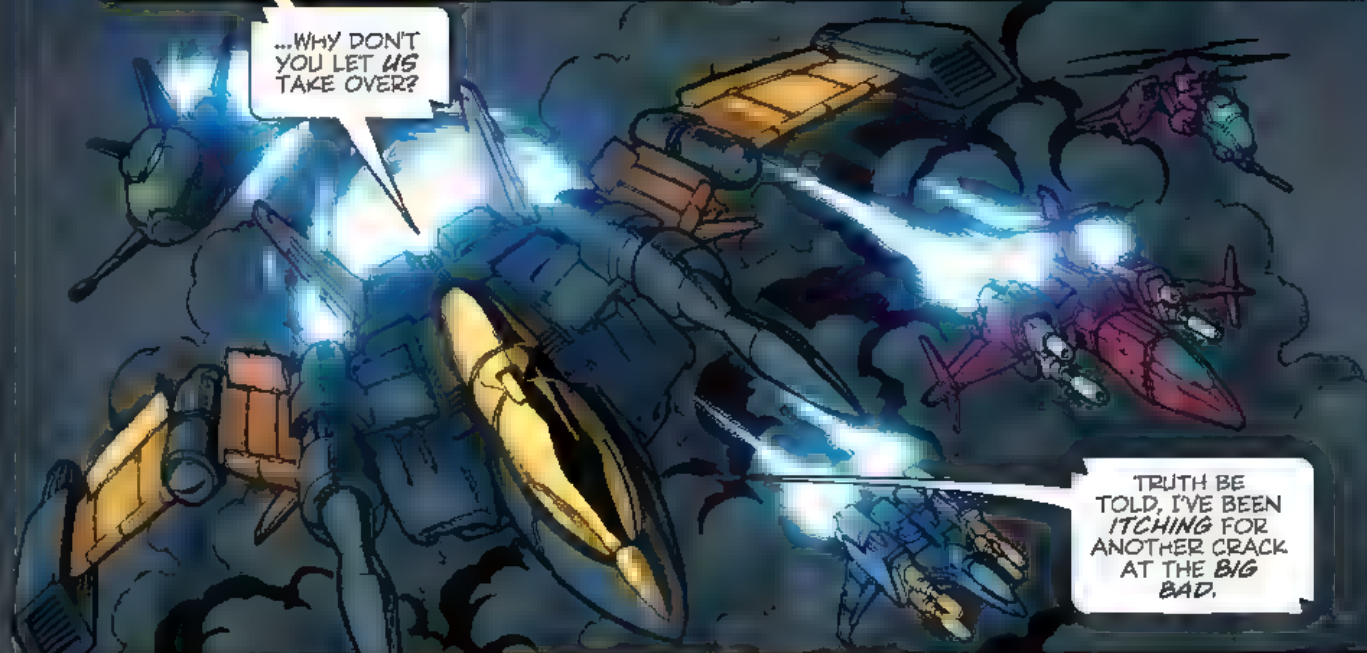
KNNN!

SKRRITCH!




TELL YOU
WHAT
WRECKERS...

...WHY DONT
YOU LET US
TAKE OVER?



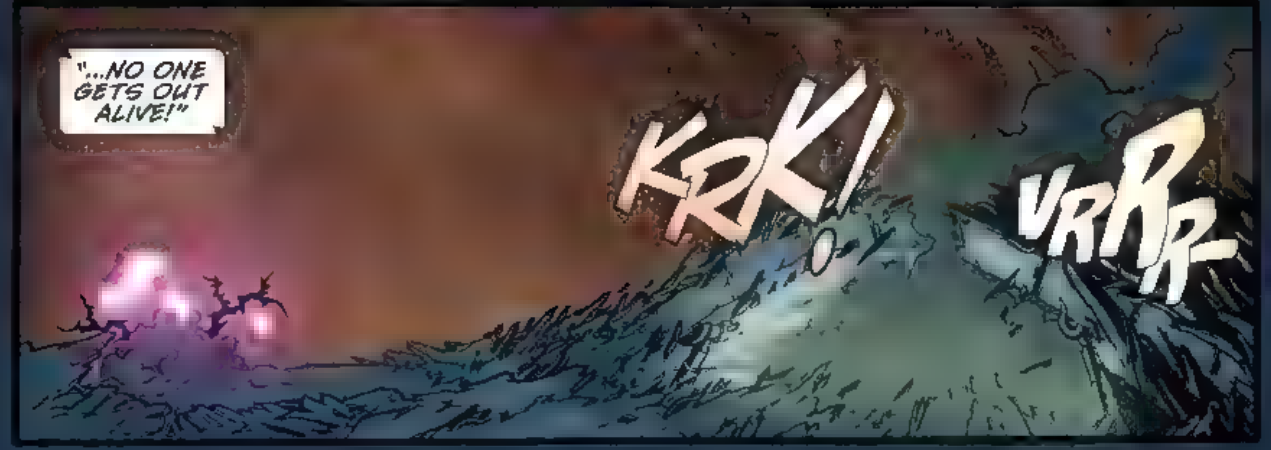
TRUTH BE
TOLD, I'VE BEEN
ITCHING FOR
ANOTHER CRACK
AT THE BIG
BAD.



SO, LIKE,
SAVIN' YOUR
SORRY BUTTS...

...IS KIND OF
COINCIDENTAL!

DECEPTICONS-
LET'S HEAR THE
CALL...



"...NO ONE
GETS OUT
ALIVE!"

KRK!

VRRR

RRRRRR!

DOGFIGHT,
ARE WE SET?

ALMOST,
SIR.

NEARLY...

...READY!

CENTURION
UNITS...

**...MOVE
IN!**

JETFIRE?

I'M READING A
MASSIVE SPIKE IN
INTERNAL CATALYTIC FLUX.
THE REPROGRAMMED
CENTURIONS, EN MASSE,
ARE HURTING IT.

QUESTION
IS...



"...IS IT
ENOUGH?"

SKOOOH!

VAASH!

IT'S... DEFINITELY
REELING! HIT IT
AGAIN! AGAIN!
AG—

WAIT!

WHAT'S IT
DOING? IT'S
GOT...



...SOME KIND
OF SECONDARY
ULTRA MODE!

THANATOS:

RAMPAGE—TIME
TO BARRAGE?

WE'RE ALMOST
AT THE FIRING
SEQUENCE
THRESHOLD. IF WE
WANT TO ABORT, IT
HAS TO BE SOON.

SOUND THE
WITHDRAWAL. ONCE
BOTH SQUADS ARE
ABOARD, PULL US BACK
TO MINIMUM SAFE
DISTANCE AND
RAISE SHIELDS.

"TOO BAD,
CYBERTRON..."

"...I'LL
MISS YOU."

THUNDERWING...

...THIS ENDS

NOW!



THIS IS HOW
IT *ENDS*...

UNDERSTAND...
WE ARE *ALL*
CULPABLE HERE, ALL
PARTICIPANTS IN THE
TRAGEDY THAT IS
CYBERTRON.

K-RAAM!

BY THE TIME WE
LOOKED UP FROM OUR
BITTER ENTRENCHMENTS,
IT WAS *TOO LATE*.
CYBERTRON WAS LOCKED
IN ITS DEATH THROES.
THE DAMAGE HAD
BEEN DONE.

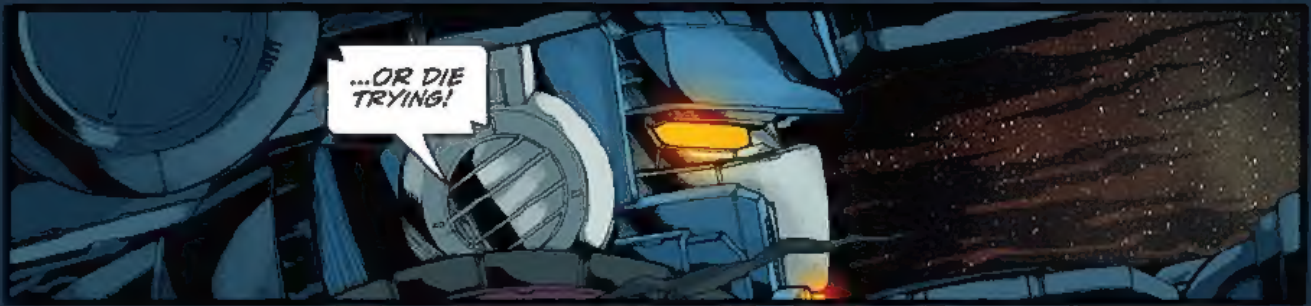
TRUE, YOU *SAW* IT
COMING, BUT YOUR
RESPONSE WAS
MISGUIDED AT BEST,
INFLAMMATORY
AT WORST.

THIRTY
NANO-KLIKS TO
THRESHOLD...

K-TOON!

IN TRYING TO SAVE
YOURSELF, YOU TAPPED
TECHNOLOGIES NEITHER
TRIED NOR TESTED AND
SO BEGAN A DESCENT
INTO MADNESS...

...THAT ALMOST
WIPED OUT OUR
ENTIRE RACE!



THRESHOLD
PLUS SIXTEEN
CYCLES:

WELL?

NO SIGN OF
EVEN THE MOST
BASIC MOLECULAR
ACTIVITY.

IT'S
OVER.

IS IT? WHO
KNOWS WHAT **DAMAGE**
THUNDERWING DID
WHEREVER BLUDGEON
SENT HIM?

AND THEN
THERE'S THIS
ULTRA-ENERGON...
WHERE DID **THAT**
COME FROM?

I WANT
ANSWERS, JETFIRE,
SOONER RATHER
THAN LATER. BECAUSE,
AS **BAD** AS THIS
HAS BEEN...

...I FEAR THERE'S
THE POTENTIAL
HERE FOR THINGS TO
GET MUCH, MUCH
WORSE!



ARK-27:

ANYTHING?



PLENTY. SEEMS BLUDGEON WAS GIVEN THE JOB OF DE-ARCHIVING SOME KIND OF SEALED WORK-IN-PROGRESS CACHE. I'M STILL WORKING ON ITS POINT OF ORIGIN.

ANYWAY, HE STUMBLED ACROSS SOMETHING CALLED **REGENESIS**.

REGENESIS?

A KIND OF COSMIC **SEEDING** INITIATIVE. WE'RE MISSING A LOT OF THE WHYS AND WHEREFORES—I SUSPECT BLUDGEON DELETED A LOT OF IT HIMSELF—BUT ULTIMATELY THE TRAIL LED HIM TO A PLANET CALLED EARTH.

EARTH.

YOU KNOW IT?



JUST BEFORE ALL THIS STARTED, I RECEIVED A PULSEWAVE FROM EARTH, **PROWL'S** DETACHMENT. THE DECEPTICONS THERE HAD ENGAGED **SIEGE MODE** UNEXPECTEDLY.

COINCIDENCE?

I'M NOT A GREAT BELIEVER IN IT.



CROSSHAIRS...

"...SET A COURSE FOR EARTH."

continued in
TRANSFORMERS: ESCALATION...